

SHAH JAHAN

A PLAY IN FIVE ACTS

by

L STANLEY JAST

*Formerly Chief Librarian of Manchester,
Past President of the Library Association*

*Author of
"Libraries and Living,"
"The Lover and the Dead Woman," etc*

LONDON

GRAFTON & CO

51, GREAT RUSSELL STREET

1934

This play was produced by the Unnamed
Society, at their Little Theatre, Manchester,
on January 14th, 1929

Application regarding performing rights should be
addressed to the author, care of the publisher

COPYRIGHT 1934 by L. STANLEY JAST

All rights reserved

To

MY WIFE

MILLCENT JAS. (*née* MURBY)

If aught in this is worthy thee,

'Tis thine ! The rest remains to me

This play was produced by the Unnamed
Society, at their Little Theatre, Manchester,
on January 14th 1929

Application regarding performing rights should be
addressed to the author care of the publisher

COPYRIGHT 1934 by I STANLEY JAST

All rights reserved

To
MY WIFE

MILLICENT JAST (nee MURBY)

*If aught in this is worthy thee,
'Tis thine ! The rest remains to me*

PREFACE

IN a notice of the performance of this play by the Unnamed Society, in Manchester, the critic of a dramatic weekly referred to it as a "chronicle play." This is exactly what *Shah Jahan* is not. A chronicle play takes certain scenes from history, with in general an adherence to the facts, so far as these are assumed to be known. There is in consequence no plot, and the action merely happens. It just was so. It is only in rare cases that history apes the imaginative artist, and constructs as carefully as he. Shakespeare's *Henry VIII* is a chronicle play, so is Drinkwater's *Cromwell*, or *Abraham Lincoln*. In *Shah Jahan* I have taken history as merely supplying the raw material of my play, and I have not hesitated to shape that material exactly as I pleased to suit the purposes of the action. If in doing this I have achieved an approximate truth of atmosphere and of character (the latter as I have conceived it) I have done all I intended to do, and as much I maintain as any "chronicle play" ever does. Nothing can be more misleading than "the truth of facts," seeing that (1) the facts are never accurately known, and (2) whatever significance they may have is due to the temperamental content imparted by the historian or the artist.

It is unnecessary to mention in detail where and how I have departed from the historic record which has come down to us. The reader acquainted with the confused and blood-stained annals of the Mogul emperors will not require it, and the reader not so acquainted won't care. Two points, however, I will notice. The Christian motive in the play I have transplanted from the reign of Akbar, where it was a real political issue. Jahan may be assumed to have inherited

Akbar's delight in staging religious discussions That Mumtaz Mahal, "the Lady of the Taj," should have died within a little more than three years of Jahan's occupancy of the throne, is one of the unfortunate blunders of the historic muse But it seemed to me that a play about one of the most magnificent builders and lovers that the world has seen *without* the lady who inspired him would be artistically untrue She lived undoubtedly for Jahan, and she therefore lives in the play Nor would her death while accompanying Jahan on one of his military expeditions (which was actually the case) have had any dramatic significance Thus too then I have ordered otherwise For the rest, there are few incidents in the play for which history has not supplied some sort of basis or suggestion

The play was written for the stage, unlikely as it is in days when the poetic play has fallen on evil times, that it should attain production in a more public theatre than that which saw its original performance My debt to the Unnamed Society for its courage in putting it on, and for the success which attended it, is the greater

L S J

BECKINGTON

BATH

CHARACTERS OF THE PLAY

2

SHAH JAHAN, *Emperor of Hindostan*

DARA
AURUNGZEEB } *Sons of Shah Jahan*

JAFAAR KHAN, *Prime Minister*

BAHLOL, *A Eunuch*

FATHER BUSEO, *a Jesuit Priest*

THE MULLAH

A YOGI

MIR JUMLA, *a General*

AN OFFICER OF DARA'S

AN OFFICER OF AURUNGZEEB'S

A SOLDIER

A PAGE

MESSINGER

MUMTAZ MAHAL, *Empress of Hindostan*

HIRA BAI
AKBARABADI
FATHPURI } *Wives of Shah Jahan*

JAHANARA, *Daughter of Shah Jahan*

ACT I

SCENE I

ACRA *An apartment in the zenana. It is partly open to the sky, and a small fountain plays in the centre*

AKBARABADI, HIRA BAI, PATHURI, afterwards BAHLOL, SHAH JAHAN

AKBARABADI (to HIRA BAI) Do you beware,
Lest the red blood of passion end in blood

HIRA BAI Whose?

AKBARABADI Yours

HIRA BAI Not a whit

I shall die kissing or I'll lie me down,

Weary with loving, and so faint to death

AKBARABADI The prince will out of question stop that gap
Even as 'tis made

HIRA BAI But not with you, not

With any of you

AKBARABADI And yet

He has looked on me with a most meaning eye

HIRA BAI You mean you have looked on him

And your hot ardour shining on his face,

Reflected back from that unconscious glass

Has made your fire seem his

AKBARABADI No woman looks on woman with that eye

HIRA BAI (approaching her menacingly) You

(AKBARABADI shrinks a little)

Such lust

Feeding it all on dreams

FATHPURI The faithfullest men are faithless with their eyes

HIRA BAI But not the emperor

We are but day wives to the emperor

He is not even negligently fond,

But concentrates his love and manliness

On the queen,

As she were his harem, and we

Her maids and dressers

FATHPURI Nor concubines nor wives are we,

But virgins wedded

HIRA BAI Fools, why then keep what is your shame to keep?

We are only husband-bound, not husbanded,

And he, our lord, tastes not of our sweet fruit,

But sucks the harvest of one single tree,

And will not glance away

Must then the orchard rot,

And the worms canker us, ere our young blood

Has rushed the heart of love?

Ye are not women, but pale ghosts are ye,

And thinly live on unsubstantial air

Why have ye women's motions, women's breasts,

And rosy limbs, and wine-empurpled lips,

Is it enough to feed some wandering eye?

Were not we made for men, and men for us,

And if our stream is dammed, shall we not turn

The rock that bars our flow?

FATHPURI If it were but a little snag, why, yes,

But 'tis the earth which lords us, and on him

We hang like water-drops

HIRA BAI We are his ribbons which he wears for show

FATHPURI Wears white unspotted, but if soiled

He tears us

AKHABABADI (to HIRA BAI) As he will you,

If that your amour with Prince Aurangzeb

Comes to his ears

HIRA BAI You jade,

Hiss you that out so loudly

I'll tell the prince, and have you,

For scandalling him and his most mighty father,

Burned to the neck in sand,

The hot sun shining on your naked head,

Till it is one huge blister,

And so in dumb and airless agony

Shall you turn black and perish

AKBARABADI (*weeping*) Oh! Oh! Oh!

FATHPURI You've frightened her You should not

Speak her so roughly

HIRA BAI The puking wretch I would not be

Such watery stuff as she is made on

For Jahan's treasure vault

AKBARABADI Oh! Oh! Oh!

HIRA BAI Mop up your passion or your cries

Will bring Bahlol

[*Enter BAHLOL*]

BAHLOL What's this? What's this?

You quarrelling cats I'll leave the emperor

To curb you, for as Allah knows

The wits of this poor eunuch cannot do it

FATHPURI If Allah knows, the emperor

Knows not, nor cares whether we weep or smile

BAHLOL Why should he, for what women do

Concerns the devil only Do or do not,

It is his work that's done

HIRA BAI A eunuch's fit for nothing save to talk

BAHLOL Ha! you voluptuous minions, have a care

Your acts are virtuous as your thoughts are not

The emperor's here anon You'd better go

Seeing that he hates the sight of you

No wonder either

HIRA BAI Your hate is longing, his
Is Mumtaz' witch craft, which befoes his eye,
And clouds his manhood that he heeds us not
We are as far as she

FATHPURI The air is cold already Let us hence
Ere that he freezes us

HIRA BAI I will stand my ground

FATHPURI He will not look on you, or if he does
Twill be as if he gazed upon a stool
Or anything that has no sentence in it

HIRA BAI He shall not I'm a woman and I have
The graces of a woman and I'll draw
His eyes upon my beauties—and who knows
His senses may forget themselves and be
My momentary subjects

BAHLOL Ha! Ha! Ha! Jahan

Will king your insolence or I'm a man
And not a eunuch But I had forgot
(to HIRA BAI)

I have a writing for you Aurungzeb
Bade me deliver (Giving her a letter) That's a game
Wherein the odds are death

HIRA BAI Silence ugly slave
Or Aurungzeb shall learn you have a tongue
That wags too much

BAHLOL (cruelly) Suspect me not I am
Devoted both to Aurungzeb and you

HIRA BAI 'Tis well for you I think so (Noise of steps off)

BAHLOL Here's the king

(AKBARABADI and FATHPURI / hurriedly go off Enter
SHAH JAHAN)

HIRA BAI I kiss your majesty's feet We have been dull
Without our lord and master

JAHAN Where are the other women?

HIRA BAI They fled your majesty's presence, like the stars
When the sun rises

JAHAN One star yet shines it seems

HIRA BAI So dazzled, majesty, its winking light

Tell-tales its heart's confusion

[*She poses alluringly. JAHAN regards her with complete indifference*]

JAHAN It is no matter Where is the empress ?

HIRA BAI In the Jasmine Tower, majesty

JAHAN (*murmuring to himself*) Beauty in beauty's shrine

I who built it for her never

Packed so much loveliness in stone as when

I thought of Mumtaz, and the thought became

A wonder-bower I will seek her there

[*Exit JAHAN*]

BAHLOL Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha !

Better to be a eunuch, *to be a eunuch*

Than be a woman with her wares despised,

Than be a wife whose husband sees her not

HIRA BAI Dost laugh, you ape ?

Laughter becomes not slaves

If they break silence, it should be with howls

You shall make proper music

[*She beats him, and he howls lustily as the scene closes*]

SCENE 2

AGRA *An apartment in the Empress's quarters—known as the Jasmine Tower*

SHAH JAHAN, MUMTAZ MAHAL, PAGE

JAHAN It is a false dawn till I greet my love,

For then begins the day

MUMTAZ So may it ever be with thee and me,

And when it is not,

Let my life follow my love,

And one stone cover both

JAHAN Fear not

If we're immortal, so's our love,

And if love die,

It perishes with the source of it, our hearts

MUMTAZ Do you believe, Jahan,

That love like ours can perish?

Say you do not

For e'en the thinking that a thing so fair

Hath fellowship in corruption with our flesh

Is as a kind of taint, a treason,

Hidden in the very core of it, which doth unquility

Its strain and lustre

JAHAN Is love not all-sufficient to itself

Because it is? The past and future,

The twin begetters of all hopes and fears,

Take from the perfect momentary now,

Which if love fills with its o'erbrimming measure

The thought of surcease cannot enter there,

And we are timeless like eternity

So—are you answered?

MUMTAZ It is my heart which questioned, and to that

You have not spoken

A woman's love, Jahan,

Is made of hopes and fears There's nothing

That touches him she loves or moves him but,

Like air upon a flame, its faintest breath

Is followed by a leaping sympathy

To tell me then I must not fear nor hope,

Is to tell me not to love

JAHAN Which were to say unto the nightingale,

Sing not, to tell the moon

To empty all her beams of mystery,

Command the soft gazelle to be ungentle,

And every natural thing to rend his nature

And be not what it is

MUMTAZ The nightingale

Hath but one listener to his amorous song,
And in the whole of Heaven there's but one moon
Ah, happy nightingale, ah, happy moon

JAHAN What matter that a man has many wives,
So that one woman is the absolute she,
The others,
Merc shapes to his indifferent eye,
When seen unnoticed, and when heard unmarked

MUMTAZ And yet—

Oh see, Jahan, how love makes women fearful—
How oft a shape passed by a thousand times
Takes substance suddenly, springing
Out of the darkness of indifference
Into a high relief,
And that which was the knot and goal of vision
Holds its proud place no more
Jahan has younger, fairer wives
Than this Mumtaz, he like the moon
Shines down on many brooks, the brook
Sees but one moon

JAHAN What—what—to so misjudge
Jahan and Jahan's race!

My dynasty is famed for constancy
Was not my father, Jahangir,
Notorious faithful to a single face,
My mother—Nour Mahal
If I am warrior, ruler, conqueror,
It is because I must, bloody and cruel
Because my subjects are so, for they make
Their kings in their own likeness—fough!
Beasts must be ruled by beasts
We mount and ride them
Lest they should tear their masters
But myself,
Jahan's Jahan,

I laugh at conquerors,
 Who heap up earth to strut on it and die
 I am an artist, and I worship beauty,
 Worship it, and create it
 The real Jahan is in my palaces,
 And in my love of thee
 I write my name—the name of Shah Jahan—
 In the enduring fabric of my marbles,
 And when the empire of our Mogul line
 Crumbles in the inevitable flux of time,
 And Akbar and Jahangir are but words
 That monarchise in musty chronicles,
 Men still shall say,
 Jahan built this, and this,
 These dreams in stone were dreamed by Shah Jahan,
 Jahan of one unalterable love, the which
 He treasured more than these,
 The greatest builder and the greatest lover
 That ever walked the earth Thy boy
 Shall lute and sing to thee the scented script
 Wherein my love is writ What, boy !

MUMTAZ Emperor of words !

JAHAN Not so, commanded words are cold,
 But unto lovers they yield up themselves,
 Distilling willingly their fragrances
 All lovers must be poets, for all love
 Is poetry in action None so poor,
 But whiles they love are lifted from themselves
 Beggars are kings, and kings,
 Deeming their kingships beggarly, are Gods
 There is a star on every lover's brow,
 That gives even to unnoticeable men
 Something to mark them by, and mouths all dumb
 Conserve the trick of music
 Sing boy !

[The PAGE sings to the accompaniment of the lute]

SONG

Love is as old as man,
But since this love began
None loved like Shah Jahan,
Like Shah Jahan

Soft are the eyes that gleam
In Shah Jahan's harem
They pass as in a dream
By Shah Jahan.

One only fair he knows,
One only flower that blows,
The world has but one rose
For Shah Jahan

None other can contest
The kingdom of his breast,
Of all the loveliest,
Mumtaz Mahal

Love is as old as man,
But since the world began
None loved like Shah Jahan,
Like Shah Jahan

[With the ending of the song the scene closes, JAHAN embracing MUMTAZ passionately during the last verse]

SCENE 3

AGRA *The Hall of Private Audience* A balcony is indicated on the left One or two small tables, on one of which is wine When the scene opens JAHAN is pacing the chamber, musing BAHLOL stands at the rear

SHAH JAHAN, BAHLOL afterwards JAFAR KHAN, AURUNGZEEB,
FATHER BUSED, HIRA BAI

JAHAN When majesty is seated on his throne
The throne becomes an accident, a property,
That subserves majesty, like to his robes,
His crown, or anything that's his,
Trifles that do take their all of awe
From him they hang on But when
The throne is empty of its living state,
It then becomes majesty's substitute,
The very altar of his sovereignty,
The sign and sum of loftiness and power
'Tis fitting then that the inheritor
Of Akbar and Jahangir, in whose time and person
Empire has risen upon empire,
And glory's footstool is itself a glory,
Should have his visible emblem in a throne
That shall out stare all other thrones soever,
And level them to ordinary seats
For ordinary kings I'll fashion one
I' the semblance of a peacock,
And outbid nature's colours with her jewels
The throne, the peacock throne of Shah Jahan
I'll bid my jeweller design it straight,
And think in diamonds, rubies, pearls,
Sapphires, and topazes, and emeralds,
Till his imagination can no more
Already am I blinded by the thought of it,
And wink as it were there

[Enter JAFAR KHAN]

JAFAR I greet your majesty

JAHAN (*still absorbed*) The throne, the peacock throne of
Shah Jahan

JAFAR The King

Designs some new magnificence Have not we yet
Reached to the top of wonder?

JAHAN No No No

Wonder has but a momentary life,
And quickly perishes if it be not fed
With still more wonders But you've news, my friend,
To stab my ears or tickle them?

JAFAR Both

JAHAN Then stab them first Pleasure's more pleasurable
When it's the follower not the lead of pain

JAFAR The prince Dara
Has once more but the dust at Kandahar
The Persians hold it stronger than ever,
And our troops waste away The prince
Says 'tis impregnable and desires return

JAHAN He is a bungler,
Better as a philosopher than a soldier
I must and will have Kandahar again
Twas Akbar's trophy, and my father lost it
It shames me
To spend such blood and treasure for a gesture,
That they may laugh in Persia
I will send Aurungzeb
And Kandahar shall mark his soldiership

JAFAR Is it wise
To set the younger o'er the elder brother?

JAHAN That's a nice point we can't consider now
If Aurungzeb does capture Kandahar
He'll be the elder in accomplishment
We'll act at once

(To BAHLOL)

Summon the prince to me

[Exit BAHLOL]

What is your other news?

JAFAR The priest from Goa
Has come and waits on you

JAHAN The good father
Shall have informal audience presently

JAFAR The good father?
He's good if we do find him good
I do distrust these Portugals
They creep upon us, they and the English
Spreading like a discase from spot to spot
These animals from the sea are dangerous,
Waxing more insolent as they do grow
In number and in ships

JAHAN Fear not the father He's a man of God

JAFAR We have too many men of God already,
Of godly men too few Is't not enough
To have Hindu, Parsee, Mohammedan,
And various nondescript rag tails of holiness,
That we must learn from these barbarians
Another way to pray?

JAHAN Pleases the queen my friend pleases the queen

JAFAR But pleases not your subjects majesty
For whiles they fervently damn one another,
They'll all unite in damning this same priest,
And that's not politic

JAHAN Not politic? What am I then
A subject with a crown on or a king,
Who li make that politic which pleases him
You offer craven counsel Lock it up
And fling away the key

BAHLOL (*re entering*) Prince Aurungzeb

[Enter AURUNGZEB]

JAHAN Aurungzeb,

You rust in court Your brother Dara
Scratches against the walls of Kandahar
And hurts himself and us
Take you command, and with a thruster sword,
Pick up the city on the point of it

AURUNGZEB Your majesty,

When Dara fails, shall Aurungzeb succeed?
Leave me to tell my beads, to fast and pray
When I am holier, then I'll fight for you,
For God will be my arm Had Dara
Followed the one true God with piety,
He would have crushed the Persian infidels

JAHAN Your head and will, and what I will provide you

In men and the fell instruments of war,
Shall serve our purpose, and your trust in God
Your own Be ready to set out

AURUNGZEB Alas! how difficult it is for princes

To lose the world and all its vanities
And Dara?

JAHAN Serves under you, or if

His temper more imperious than his deeds
Brooks not your over-lording, let him home,
To hide him with his women

AURUNGZEB Poor, poor Dara

JAHAN When next I hear the name of Kandahar,

Let it sound proudly

(To BAHLOL)

Bring the father in

AURUNGZEB May God confound all infidels,

All heretics and schisms

[Enter BAHLOL and FATHER BUSEO]

BAHLOL Father Buseo

JAHAN You are welcome to my court

BUSEO From the archbishop of Goa

I bring you loving greetings,

Is t' idle or of moment? Down
 Gigantic hope assume
 Proportions only of a tiny seed
 And let your substance and my secret hope
 Swell comparably

BAHLOL (*re-entering*) The lady Hira Bai

[*Enter HIRA BAI Exit BAHLOL*]

HIRA BAI My my your beck and call,
 For so you use me Aurangzeb
 Am I your v'ring maid your dancing girl
 That at your nod I hasten to my master
 And say here is your chattel
 Do with me as you will prince Aurangzeb

AURUNGZEB I am in haste

HIRA BAI Oh! Oh! you are in haste
 And must my leisure wait upon your haste?
 Why do you tell me that you are in haste
 When I must take my leave is in your look
 Departure written in your very air
 I had a lover once but he is gone
 Sending a lying message by your slave
 Whom 'twas my shame to follow
 He should be thrashed

For fooling ladies (*Going*) I am in haste haste haste

AURUNGZEB Stay I do command you stay

HIRA BAI Are you the king?

I know you would be king

Is Shah Jahan cut off

Dara and Shuja Murad put away?

Why then as I'm the king's wife I am yours

And therefore will I be obedient.

AURUNGZEB You mock me Not Jahan himself

Is more the subject of Mumtaz

Than Aurangzeb is Hira Bai's

We are alike in being slaves to women

HIRA BAI Women ! Jahan

'Knows naught of women

AURUNGZEB To one woman, one, one, one woman,

My heart's a ring,

The golden setting of a single stone,

And you that stone For me

There is no other jewel

HIRA BAI The sweet-tongued Aurungzeb

Fie, fie, you are a saint, an anchorite,

Austere and pious I would be

The anchorite's temptation

AURUNGZEB So you are

HIRA BAI 'Twas not a lying message then which came,

And tongue and lips do wait but on the night

To put their deeds to proof ?

AURUNGZEB A night, yes, yes, but not

This night I swear I am as much afire as you,

But cold necessity has bid me temper it

Till I have leave to blow it to a flame

I go immediately to Kandahar

It is the Emperor's order

HIRA BAI Fly to Dara's arms

To Dara's—not to mine Since when

Did you love Dara so ?

AURUNGZEB He is a pestilent heretic, a Sufi,

Worse than a Christian But I go

To take the high command at Kandahar,

And wash the city clean of Persian filth,

Which Dara has not done and cannot do

HIRA BAI And when the conqueror returns ?

AURUNGZEB 'Tis at your feet he'll lay his soldiership

HIRA BAI Would I could wear it to the gaze o' the world !

AURUNGZEB Art mad ? Then keep your madness

Till it is sane to show it

HIRA BAI Fear not for me Jahan

Has Mumtaz in his eyes She is

His basiliak,

His wall that shuts him in

AURUNGZEB May he dwell always in that citadel

But do you be my watch

There's Father Buseo, a Christian priest,

Arrived in Agra, and Jahan

Receives him kindly, nay, has asked for him,

And puts the Christian scriptures on his head,

In token of respect What comes of that

May touch the kingdom nearly

HIRA BAI Say, may touch Aurungzeb, and I must be

Your eye and ear,

Convenient instrument of Aurungzeb's,

A gatherer of chatter and surmise,

And for my payment, in my mouth he pops

A sweetmeat now and then

AURUNGZEB What now ?

HIRA BAI Oh, I am richly paid

He talks of love, says I'm his jewel,

And when my silly, silly little head is turned,

His point discloses, which is policy

I ask for love, he proffers policy

AURUNGZEB How shall I take you ? God and His Prophet

Absolve me if I follow you You have

My sworn and constant love

HIRA BAI Words, which as fast as they're expended are
reshaped,

And the store loses nothing

AURUNGZEB In proper time

I shall fulfil them

HIRA BAI Now, now, now

Fulfil them now, or I'll proclaim you false

Alike in head and heart

AURUNGZEB What would you have me do ?

HIRA BAI A little thing, a very little thing

(She goes to a table and pours out a cup of wine)

Here's wine

Drink it to me

AURUNGZEB Woman,

Would'st have me traitor to my oath ?

God and His Prophet have forbidden it

'Tis an abomination and a wickedness,

And damns the drinker

HIRA BAI All Mussulmen are not as strict as thou

Do I not sin in listening to your love,

Breaking the seal of my most lawful bond,

That you may put your wax on't ?

Once, once, thus once canst thou not fall with me,

A little, little fall for love of me ?

And after, you shall glut yourself with penance,

And be the sreater for this single fault,

As is the trick of holier men than thou

It is not wine you drink, my Aurungzeb,

But my heart's blood, which seeks

To mingle with the lake which is in thine

Ah, love, I pray you

AURUNGZEB Thus then *(He drinks)*

HIRA BAI Now Hira Bai is your Kandahar

Her walls are down

She trails the dust before your conquering feet,

At your fell mercy, soldier

*[She clasps his knees AURUNGZEB in a sudden
frenzy of shame and self reproach flings the cup away
and covers his face with his hands]*

END OF ACT I

ACT II

SCENE I

AGRA *The Hall of Private Audience*

SHAH JAHAN, *the* MULLAH, FATHER BUSEO, JAFAR KHAN, *a*
YOGI, BAHLOL

THE MULLAH (*kneeling before* SHAH JAHAN, *with a Koran in his uplifted hands*) Lord of the World,
Commander of the Faithful,
Who, like the sky o'ertopping snows of Himalay,
Sees countless kingdoms crouching at your feet,
God and His Prophet,
Who rule, direct, and guide the souls of men,
Have in this holy book,
Inspired by God, and by His Prophet writ,
Made all who read, and reading so believe,
The inheritors of Paradise
The true believers in your kingdom, majesty,
Pray you to take it, and by your royal mouth
Be the one law declared
There is no God but God,
And Mahomet is His Prophet

[JAHAN *takes the Koran*]

BUSEO Vile heretic ! You do blaspheme
Thunderously against God,
And give the King
The devil's scripture

THE MULLAH (*rising*) Mahomet strike you, infidel !

JAHAN Peace, peace, ye holy men
 Conviction is a man that must be wooed,
 Not frightened by high words
 We thank you, Mullah,
 And place your Koran by the father's Bible
 Observe how quietly they lie together

MULLAH (*aside to JAFAR KHAN*) He has not placed the Koran
 on his head
 As he did place the Bible Aurungzeb
 Told me of that

JAFAR (*to the MULLAH*) A straw
 Blown by a wind from Goa
 But 'twill change

JAHAN All men
 Need a religion—kings
 No less than beggars, and for us,
 Who have most deeply pondered on this theme,
 We are like a pendulum, swinging
 'Twixt This and That
 So many roads, so many guides,
 So many lessons, and so many teachers
 If This is true, That's less than nothing worth.
 If That, then This is cunning false
 How may we from this tempest of opinion
 Find the safe shelter?
 Argue, good friends, on that

YOGI There is nor This nor That
 Delusions both
 The It alone exists
 'Tis not from scriptures, nor from priests, O King,
 You can learn anything

JAHAN Why then,
 We may not learn from you
 That nothing may be learned
 What Father Busco?

BUSEO It is most fitly answered, majesty,
 Whose subjects everywhere contend
 Against each other
 High priests and followers of error daily
 Wrangle the circling sun
 But in my country there is but one faith,
 One God, one Saviour,
 Whom all men in one perfect brotherhood
 Acclaim and worship
 Is not this then the very seal of truth,
 That she has but one voice ?

JAFAR Are not the English Christians ?
If you love them, is dog a term of love ?
 For I have often heard the Portugals
 Speak of the English dogs

BUSEO The English are not Christians They are heretics,
 And being heretics damned

YOGI Heaven and Hell
 Are self-created Fantasies
 Wherewith men please and plague their childishness

BUSEO Mahomet's paradise indeed is fantasy
 An infamous and carnal house of sin,
 Where lights o' love, not winged angels, wait
 Upon their most lascivious paramours

MULLAH Preposterous, upon my beard !
 A Heaven without heavenly delights

BUSEO A Heaven without lust, and therefore not
 Tainted with earthliest pleasures

MULLAH Earthliest pleasures ! Do not you Christians,
 Nay, even your priests drink wine,
 Which makes men mad, muddies the blood
 With rank excess, which the Prophet
 Commands abstention from

JAHAN Blood drawn on both sides, Buseo
 You prick the Mullah with his paradise,
 He douses you with wine

BUSEO By which I do convict his Prophet, majesty,
 Of contradiction flat
 For in th' Koran it is expressly stated
 The faithful sup of wine in paradise,
 Which it forbids on earth

JAHAN (to THE MULLAH) What do you say?

MULLAH That is this same Koran the Prophet
 Speaks of a grapeless wine,
 Wherein, O King, it is expressly stated
 The faithful are not drunken, nor their minds
 Thereby oppressed

BUSEO A sea of words, O King, is this Koran,
 Which subtle men interpret as they will
 What God inspires can have no double sense,
 But all is clear as in our holy book,
 Which doth appeal unto the hearts of men, and is not
 Cut into them with swords

MULLAH Swords?

BUSEO Ay Yours is a bloody faith,
 That sabres men till they believe in it

MULLAH What! Wouldst thou not kill God's enemies?

BUSEO The meek and gentle Jesus
 Said this Love one another,
 And Christians do so

JAHAN Is not this a strange wonder, Jafar Khan,
 That men love one another over thee?
 O lucky kings to rule o'er loving subjects,
 And happy subjects to be ruled by love
 'Tis a most excellent religion, Buseo,
 And much disposes me

MULLAH Majesty,
 Thus cozening priest, whom may the Prophet
 Through me confound and silence,
 Has in his bosom
 A Christian teaching so unnatural strange,
 Reason, virtue, instruct practice,

That even the vile Hindu would spit on it
 Yea, he would keep it in confinement close,
 Till it shall find you in a reader mood,
 As poisons given in a growing measure
 Make rankest doses prove acceptable
 Hark then ! These Christians do permit
 One only wife

JAFAR It is impossible

MULLAH Most monstrous, nay incredible,
 But true

YOGI It is a wife too much

The sage

Abhors all women, for in them

The world's mirage shows fairest

JAHAN Answer, Euseo,

How many wives have Christians ?

EUSEO One, majesty

JAHAN Say it again good father

EUSEO One wife, no more

JAHAN One wife A stranger wonder still

EUSEO Herein, O King,

Is chaste love from adulterous love divided,

And marriage made a holy sacrament

Wherein are husband, wife, wife, husband,

Joined in one flesh, one heart,

By God himself not to be parted

Till death annul the bond

MULLAH Monstrous I say again

JAFAR Unnatural

JAHAN Say ye so ?

Is not such love the love that I have dreamed,

The love that I have felt and feel ?

A mighty river

That squanders not its waters in the sands,

But empties them into a single breast,

And mingles tide with tide

JAFAR But do these Christian husbands
Keep to their bond ?

BUSEO Do all the followers of Mahomet
Abstain from wine ?

JAHAN 'Tis a shrewd parry, Jafar, to your thrust
Now, sirs,

There is a way to clinch your arguments
And satisfy us all

You, father, with the Bible in your hands,
Which is your talisman ,

(Giving the Bible to BUSEO)

You, Mullah, with your Koran guarding you,

(Giving the Koran to THE MULLAH)

Shall walk into a fire, which I'll have kindled
Close to our outer gates, whereby the people
Shall see and judge with us

Who is not burned,

His is the true religion, and I swear,

I, Shah Jahan,

It shall be ours, our court's, our people's

Consent you, sirs, to this ?

(A pause)

Well, well, do you consent to this ?

MULLAH Let the father

Go in the fire first If he's not burned,

I will essay the like

JAHAN And if he is burned Mullah ?

MULLAH Why then he's burned for impudently challenging
The Koran and the Prophet

BUSEO To serve my Lord, thou minister of lies,

I will most willingly engage the fire,

And die a blessed martyr for the faith

JAHAN Die, Buseo, that is not anything

Men in this land of India daily die,

Or choose a living torture, serving thus

The God they worship, or but to become

Freed from the limiting body 'Thou must live,
Come scatheless through the fire Thus thou'lt prove
Beyond all question that thy God is God

BURRO It would be impious

To fling such challenge in the face of God

JAHAN Why then,

At least ye are agreed, ye holy men,
On this one point, ye will not test the fire
And so ye burn my hope of harbouring
My wandering ship of doubt to present ashes
Bahlol, receive the scriptures back again
For I perceive who would arrive the truth
Must tread the tedious way of words, and faint
Perchance upon the road Good sirs,
Ye have been valiant warriors of the mouth,
And tongue has clashed with tongue most bloodily
We call a truce, till leisure and the mood
Again combine Bid the drums sound,
And we will show ourselves upon the balcony
To all our people Then
We'll sit i' th' chair of justice and right wrongs,
For so a king must do

YOGI A king—a slave

I am a king, not thou

Thou art but Shah Jahan

Whiles I

Am Lord of Nothing, that's the whole, wide world

[JAHAN shrugs his shoulders at the YOGI The drums sound loudly as JAHAN presents himself on the balcony Shouts off JAHAN bows and the scene closes]

SCENE 2

Before KANDAHAR *Interior of DARA's tent As the scene opens there is a distant sound of guns mingled with cries*

DARA, OFFICER, *afterwards* AURUNGZEB

DARA How goes the assault,
Advances Aurungzeb, or no ?

OFFICER As yet
The battle's in the balance Our troops
Swarm at the walls like flies, and Aurungzeb
Is where they cluster thickest

DARA It chafes me horribly
To be a-tented and the field so hot
But to be generalled by him is worse
Than to return to Agra
Oh ! Oh ! what devilish fate
Spies out on me to damn me
Aurungzeb
To triumph where I've failed !
Let it not be, O God ! Think you
That he can beat the Persians ?

OFFICER He has more men, more guns, more everything
Than you had, and by what you did not do,
He measures what he may

DARA That is the acutest prick of it,
That on my illness his success should mount,
And ride it to my shame

(Noise off)

Quick, quick,
Out and return That noise
Frights me with what it bodes

(Exit OFFICER)

Why did Jahan send me to Kandahar
To do the impossible, while Aurungzeb

Beres in my father's favour, and when
 My trick is played to its foregone, fatal accomplishment,
 He comes imprisoned like Providence
 To jump upon my back supplants me,
 And with most hypocritical reluctance—
 He would not, would not but to please Jahan
 Have any hand in this—desires my pardon,
 And leave but to obey, what he had said
 It had not been, his duty

(Re enter OFFICER)

What's toward ?

OFFICER The Rajputs

With fiery valour mounting the Forty Steps
 Have by the Persian musketeers been withered up,
 Shooting at point blank range A scattered remnant
 Is all that's left of them

DARA 'Tis well 'Tis very well The boy

Shall not out siege me then He must

Call off the assault or loss

Pile upon loss Oh God ! I had rather

The Persians should hold Kandahar for ever

Than Aurungzeb should take it

Go out again, and mark

What's happening now

(Exit OFFICER)

By how much more of troops,

Of horses camels and material,

That Shah Jahan hung thick on Aurungzeb,

By so much more shall his defeated honour

Droop under mine Now on this base

I should be able to rebuild

My fallen reputation How ? How ?

Soldiering's a coarse trade at best

And subtle brains are wasted on it

Better lay siege to men's intelligence

And undermine at court That's what I'll do

(Re-enters OFFICER)

How stands the field ?

OFFICER Poorly, indeed, as far as I can judge

The Kandaharians smile behind their walls

DARA Praise be to God ! Where's Aurungzeb ?

OFFICER He comes this way, as 'twere to seek your tent

DARA That cannot be He would not

In the first flush and front of his disaster

Seek out his insulted brother

He'll wait till after-thought has coloured it

With some excuse or other

OFFICER (*looking out*) Nathless the prince is here Shall I retire ?

DARA Do so, but be at call

(Enter AURUNGZEB)

Conqueror of Kandahar,

Though in your triumph I am doubly down,

I too will be a conqueror

Of mine own natural envy,

And in my " Well done, Aurungzeb,"

You'll hearing the shoutings of ten thousand " Well
dones,"

Which shall greet you at Agra

AURUNGZEB You are not wont to be so witty, Dara,

But let the jest pass I am stayed,

But not defeated, if I will it so

DARA What ? Is Kandahar not yours ?

AURUNGZEB Have done I tell you, mocking Dara,

I am thrust back, but still have men and guns

Enough to hack at Kandahar again,

And yet again

DARA And shall you do so ?

AURUNGZEB To what end ? Our Mogul army

Is half a rabble, untrained, undisciplined,

Beside the Persians We fight disorderly,

Shoot badly, while the Persian musketeers

Transfix the breasts they aim at

Give me the power, the wherewithal, and time,
And I would forge this clumsy sword of Jahan's
Into a deadly weapon

DARA I had a worse one

AURUNGZEE We are both unlucky, brother
And as for this o'erlording of your right,
It was not my desire
Most willingly would I have served
Under your banner, but the king our father
Was absolute against it

DARA I am not in his favour

AURUNGZEE If I were in it, I shall not be now

DARA You may fare better in your next assault

AURUNGZEE I shall not make it

The Persians are too strong for us,
And Kandahar's impregnable
Till we have better troops
I have a soldier's eye, and what it tells me
My judgment must accept or fool itself
The army's only had its edges frayed
By the to-day's attempt Its centre's sound
Why should I batter it to fragments
Against the stony brow of Kandahar,
When there is other work for't

DARA What do you mean by that?

AURUNGZEE I will be frank with you.

Though it be to my danger
Men carry many faces through the world
I speak not of false faces, but of true ones
The innermost of the man
May baffle fine observance
For me, I am something soldier something
Of politician, courtier little,
But more than all these am I Muslim
The world—it grates me Sooner would I spend
My life in praising God—renouncing

The temporal pomps of princes—than rule over
An empire doubling this

DARA It is well-known

That you are half a saint

AURUNGZEB If you were not a Sufi Dara,

I'd have you king

DARA The throne's not vacant yet

AURUNGZEB It can be made so You perceive my bent,

But not the arrow which I would let fly

DARA Not clearly You keep in the shade

AURUNGZEB I'll step into the open Shah Jahan

Uses the kingdom for a mason's tool,

Dips both his hands into the treasure box,

And like Aladdin raises every day

A palace, tomb, a temple, or a mosque

In mad profusion—every one

So rarely marbled, jewelled, wrought

With such immensity of labour that

Men can amaze no more and God is shocked

And the whole kingdom brought to the sharp

O' penury, and you, my brother

Being the eldest and the properest heir,

Plundered to feed our father's vanity

DARA It is so Aurungzeb, but we must wait

Till nature takes a hand

AURUNGZEB Nature—men are a part of nature,

And when she's slow can quicken her

Mark too, Jahan flouts God

And bids to Goa for a Christian priest,

Receives him honourably, and doth profess

An inclination—so my Mullah writes—

To 'be a Christian, to the which

The empress too inclines

All this breeds murmuring rebellion

To Shah Jahan, and many

Wonder what Dara thinks

DARA That's

For Dara to determine when he knows
The scope and mettle
Of that which still is hid in Aurungzeb

AURUNGZEB I reach to my conclusion

Go you in march to Agra
Acquaint Jahan that Kandhar is ta'en
That news will grace you in our father's eyes,
And he'll forget in his delight all fault
That he has taxed you with Tell him
That Aurungzeb awaits in Kandhar
His more commands

But I

Shall post haste after you, I and my army,
And on the rejoicing and unguarded city
Fall as a bolt from God
Jahan shall be deposed and Dara
Reign in his stead

DARA And Aurungzeb?

Where is his profit, what does he expect
From Dara Shah?

AURUNGZEB Where is his profit now?

Can he—can you go with bowed head
To Shah Jahan,
Say "Please you, we have failed at Kandahar,
The city was too strong
We would an if we could"—and bear
With patience laughter, jeers, and punishment,
Be told that the harem's our proper place,
And women's garments deck our bodies best
Hell shall engulf me first
But let me
Strike one blow that shall vindicate
My soldieryship—and then,
Give me your leave to give myself to God
I shall be satisfied I swear by the Koran

DARA Nothing more ?

AURUNGZEB Nothing except

That you abjure your Sufi heresy

DARA I'm yours—that last condition

Convinces me of your sincerity

I am a Sunni from this moment Aurungzeb

AURUNGZEB Then swear

DARA By the Koran I swear

AURUNGZEB Be ready to depart

Within this hour for Agra

DARA It is speedy

AURUNGZEB It is necessary

Peace be on you

DARA And on you

[*Exit AURUNGZEB*]

Holloa !

[*Re enter OFFICER*]

OFFICER My prince

DARA We set out for Agra

Within the hour

Gather my escort

[*Exit OFFICER*]

Dara Shah

O cunning Aurungzeb

Would I might see into your plotting soul

The map is cloudy What my course shall be

Let circumstance not Aurungzeb decree

SCENE 3

AGRA *The Hall of Private Audience*

BAHLOL, HIRA BAI, *afterwards* SHAH JAHAN, MUMTAZ,
JAHANARA, JAFAR KHAN, AURUNGZEB

BAHLOL Away ! Jahan

Comes momentarily

HIRA BAI Most sweet Bahlol—

BAHLOL Ay, you are cunning, but I'll hear you not

HIRA BAI Most excellent Bahlol,

Here is a purse of gold

BAHLOL Quick then, what would you have ?

HIRA BAI News, news

BAHLOL The devil's dead,

And women are grown kind

HIRA BAI Wretch ! would you play with me ?

BAHLOL Most willingly I would,

If time and place were apt

'Tis Aurungzeb you would have news of ?

HIRA BAI Why did I give thee gold ?

Speak, does he live ?

BAHLOL He lives, and he is well,

If it be well to live He is a prisoner

Jahan and Dara fell on him

Not two days' march from Agra

'Twas a devised surprise Poor Aurungzeb

Was ambushed utterly, who else

Had stolen on the city in the night,

And like a thief when everyone's abed,

Had put it in his pocket 'Tis a sluttish jade,

Thus chance, that stalks the robber on his fell intent,

And gyves him from behind

HIRA BAI A curse on Dara !

'Twas he betrayed his brother to Jahan

BAHLOL Tut, tut Betray!

The word smells not of rink

Eunuchs and women, common folk, betray,

Not princes

But Dira's your man now, not Aurungzeb,

Whose candle's out, while Dira's is relit

He is the merchant for your women's gear

If you can tickle purchase

HIRA BAI For saying that

I'd give you bloody mouth

BAHLOL Back to the harem, wild cat!

I hear voices

[Exit HIRA BAI Enter JAHAN and MUMTAZ]

JAHAN How glad am I that this rebellious prince

Is not your son

MUMTAZ How glad am I, Jahan,

His mother's dead,

And that the heart is cold that would have broken

At this unfilial treachery of her womb

JAHAN Oh! he shall die, or in a fortress pent,

Wither his youth to greyness, and go off

By inches to the grave

MUMTAZ Jahan, be merciful

JAHAN Kings have no room for mercy

When would be kings strike at them

Care you indeed for me,

When thus you counsel mercy?

MUMTAZ Oh, my love,

Remember! Add not

To past faults this

JAHAN It is not that I would, but that I must

I am not bloody by my nature

It is my office makes me so

Who reaches *that* (pointing to his seat) and sits on it
peace,

Must set his teeth and do what horrid deeds

Lead to a crown and keep it,

Or be himself undone

MUMTAZ He is your son, Jahan

JAHAN Were he not

A son, a brother, nephew, uncle,

Some tie in blood,

The nearer the more dangerous,

I could be merciful, nay I would be

But a king's kindred, Mumtaz, are his snakes,

That have the 'vantage of his bosom,

And from it draw the very power they use

To touch him deadly

MUMTAZ Need it be always so? Must kings,

To be kings, practise

What they abhor in their may-be successors,

And gazing their own deeds as in a glass,

Find them now hideous,

Which in themselves were pardoned by success

Oh, for my sake, Jahan,

Break once this endless chain of violence,

And if it must be that you punish Aurungzeb,

Let it be like a father

JAHAN I would not have thee otherwise than tender,

My gentle lady

MUMTAZ You have sworn

That I am part of you, but of my gentleness,

Which you commend, you'll have no part

Like to a sullen keeper of a door,

Which half is closed, half open, is your breast,

And I am strangered in the heart of me

JAHAN No, no, not by my heart

But by my judgment, and then only

On this one point, whereon if I'm not firm,

Myself, my crown, my queen,

I give to jeopardy I know my Aurungzeb

He's dangerous and subtle Fate

Has played him to my rod and I must use it,
Or fool the engine

MUMTAZ Pray that a heart a wife may soften not,
A daughter may

[*She lifts a curtain and JAHANARA enters*]

JAHAN Jahanara

JAHANARA My father

JAHAN Aurungzeb's not your brother, Jahanara,
For he's no longer son of Shah Jahan,
Nor can his false heart be akin to thine,
Which is so sweet and true
Think not, weep not, for him,
A stranger to us both

MUMTAZ Your father, dearest, is indeed a king,
For he can with a word untie
The bonds of blood, command
Affection, memory, nature herself,
To give themselves the lie
Forget the very name of Aurungzeb
That trembles on your lips

JAHANARA My father,

When your dear queen cannot with you prevail,
How then should Jahanara?
I cannot, cannot plead for Aurungzeb
I have no words, no policy,
That you should listen to me
I do not understand this cruel world,
Nor men, nor why they do that that they do,
But if my brother is cast out from it,
I do beseech you, let me go with him
If to a prison, there to sister him,
Until he needs no sister, if to die,
To stay him to the last, and then,
To mourn him in a still retreat with God,
And love and pray for you, and for your queen,
Till my poor light is spent.

Grant, oh grant, my father,
The petition of the humble Jahanara

JAHAN What then,
Wouldst leave Jahan for Aurungzeb—
Your father for a traitor?
What is this love of women that it loves
When love itself bids cease?

MUMTAZ Women's love, Jahan
Cannot be so divided from itself
'Tis not a thing of fractions but entire,
And what it is, it is

JAHANARA My father has his queen
My brother—only himself, which is his enemy,
And God—and Jahanara

MUMTAZ His ears are stopped, he'll not be pitiful
Come, Jahanara,
We'll take our sorrows with us

JAHAN Remain Remain I say,
And now
What I will do with Aurungzeb
Bahlol,
Admit my minister and Aurungzeb
[Exit BAHLOL]

They wait without to hear my will on him

[Re enter BAHLOL, followed by JAFAR KHAN and
AURUNGZEB]

Is this the man I sent to Kandahar?

JAFAR He is the same man, majesty

JAHAN How different are these names! Is this the man
Who set forth to grasp honour,
And missing it, has fallen, or a wily
And desperate conspirator, who creeps
Upon his belly to suspectless treason
You are silent, Aurungzeb
What think you you deserve at the king's hands?

AURUNGZEB Let the king say

Has played him to my rod and I must use it,
Or fool the engine

MUMTAZ Pray that a heart a wife may soften not,
A daughter may

[*She lifts a curtain and JAHANARA enters*]

JAHAN Jahanara

JAHANARA My father

JAHAN Aurungzeb's not your brother, Jahanara,
For he's no longer son of Shah Jahan,
Nor can his false heart be akin to thine,
Which is so sweet and true
Think not, weep not, for him,
A stranger to us both

MUMTAZ Your father, dearest, is indeed a king,
For he can with a word untie
The bonds of blood, command
Affection, memory, nature herself,
To give themselves the lie
Forget the very name of Aurungzeb
That trembles on your lips

JAHANARA My father,

When your dear queen cannot with you prevail,
How then should Jahanara ?
I cannot, cannot plead for Aurungzeb
I have no words, no policy,
That you should listen to me
I do not understand this cruel world,
Nor men, nor why they do that that they do,
But if my brother is cast out from it,
I do beseech you, let me go with him
If to a prison, there to sister him,
Until he needs no sister, if to die,
To stay him to the last, and then,
To mourn him in a still retreat with God,
And love and pray for you, and for your queen,
Till my poor light is spent.

Grant, oh grant, my father,
The petition of the humble Jahanara

JAHAN What then,
Wouldst leave Jahan for Aurungzeb—
Your father for a traitor ?
What is this love of women that it loves
When love itself bids cease ?

MUMTAZ Women's love, Jahan,
Cannot be so divided from itself
'Tis not a thing of fractions, but entire,
And what it is, it is

JAHANARA My father has his queen
My brother—only himself, which is his enemy,
And God—and Jahanara

MUMTAZ His ears are stopped, he'll not be pitiful
Come, Jahanara,
We'll take our sorrows with us

JAHAN Remain Remain, I say,
And note
What I will do with Aurungzeb
Bahlol,
Admit my minister and Aurungzeb
[Exit BAHLOL]

They wait without to hear my will on him

[Re-enter BAHLOL, followed by JAFAR KHAN and
AURUNGZEB]

Is this the man I sent to Kandahar ?

JAFAR He is the same man, majesty

JAHAN How different are these names ! Is this the man
Who set forth to grasp honour,
And missing it, has fallen, or a wily
And desperate conspirator, who creeps
Upon his belly to suspectless treason
You are silent Aurungzeb

What think you you deserve at the king's hands ?

AURUNGZEB Let the king say

JAHAN The king has but one answer,
To black rebellion—death

[*A cry from JAHANARA*]

I said the king—the father
O'ersways the king, and pardons you
Nay more, he gives you
Scope to redeem
Your honour and your generalship
Reduce the turbulent Deccan
To order, to which end
I make you viceroy
For the rest,
The future is your servant,
And if your stark and most ambitious spirit
Must plot—be it to foil
Mine enemies
The Deccan calls you—go

AURUNGZEB I thank you—God is great,
And if it be His pleasure, I shall serve
Both Him and you

[*Exeunt AURUNGZEB and JAHAR KHAN*]

JAHAN Pious to the last
Well, well, my queen,
And you, my daughter,
Are you contented with your Shih Jahan?

MUMTAZ Contented—proud,
That you have linged your anger and your fear,
Base favourites of monarchs

JAHAN Nay, they are queened, not linged—and Jahanara
Pays me with silence—ah, dark Aurungzeb,
Thou hast indeed a sister!

ACT III

SCENE I

AGRA *The Hall of Public Audience* JAHAN and MUMTAZ
on their throne, which occupies a decorated niche in the
centre, back

SHAH JAHAN, MUMTAZ, JAFAR KHAN, DARA, FATHER BUSEO,
THE MULLAH BAHLOL, PAGE TO MUMTAZ, afterwards a
MESSENGER

JAHAN Can Aurungzeb write nothing but demands
For gold ? For gold And still for gold !
What did we send him to the Deccan for ?
To be a sieve for gold ? a drain
Perpetual on our treasury ? The Deccan,
Which should enrich us, beggars us
Are there not peasants, soil sunshine and rain,
In the Deccan as elsewhere ? Has God
Laid his curse on it, so that men
Cannot be made to work nor crops to grow,
No taxes to be levied on the crops,
And is a viceroy's function but to whine
For gold ? And then,
More gold to follow Is this his gratitude
For that I pardoned him—nay more than pardoned him,
Invested him with state ?

JAFAR It was most royal, majesty
And yet—if I may venture——

JAHAN Venture—am I a tyrant
That you should preface what you will to say
That you deem just by “venture ?”

It you would commend Aurungzeb,
 And so out-weigh my censure do it, Jafar
 When you shall find I stop my ears with pride,
 Then you be dumb—not else

DARA Old Jafar pauses It baffles him
 To find within the shrunken bag he carries
 Of good conceits for Aurungzeb,
 An odd one left

JAFAR Prince Dara,
 Grudge not that while you bask you here at court,
 In your great father's favour,
 Aurungzeb,
 Afar in the wild, difficult Deccan,
 Has still a voice—not indeed to defend him,
 For that I would not do—but to urge
 What truth and reason
 My drop in the other scale

MUMTAZ Good Jafar

DARA (*aside to THE MULLAH*) A partisan of Aurungzeb

JAFAR The Deccan

Was, as your majesty well knows,
 For a whole generation torn by war,
 The peasants pillaged, fields laid waste,
 And what was smiling plenty suffered
 Return to rankest jungle
 Then came a withered peace, the which
 Was leaner made by flat incompetence,
 Authority
 Stealing the little that there was to steal,
 And hoarding to his surfeit Aurungzeb
 Comes to all this, and cannot in a year
 Change so much foul to fair He must have time

JAMIAN He shall have time

We do not stint him time
 We'll give him twenty years in the Deccan
 His absence is our pleasure

But in his messages he asks not time,
 But gold Throughout our reign,
 And Jahangir's, gold, gold, nothing but gold
 Has flowed to the Deccan, but from it
 Not a rupee

DARA Aurungzeb increases daily, so they say,
 His army, with pretence
 To awe his neighbours, and has built
 A capital, which with braggart impudence
 He calls Aurungabad Have viceroys
 Capitals called after them ?

JAHAN Is it for that we pardoned him,
 That we should have another Shah Jahan,
 And twin our glories with usurping Aurungzeb ?
 But we must clip him Is it not enough
 That even we must think a little
 To level up our treasure to our needs ?
 Bebadal Khan
 Still wants for jewels for our peacock throne
 Six emerald pillars only finished yet,
 And six to do I tell you, Jafar,
 I'll empty all the mines of India,
 And add to these the thousand rarest gems
 That can be purchased in the marts o' the world
 Ere I will lack a jewel to complete
 The throne we'll sit on Touching Aurungzeb.
 He shall be roundly answered

DARA He is ambitious,
 And very cunning,
 Conceives the pardoning of his traitorous action
 Which—praise to God—I was some and to counter,
 As it conferred an universal permit
 To arrogate unchecked

MUMTAZ His headstrong youth
 Must plead for him I crave, Jahan,
 For rather Busco bearing

JAHAN We would not for the world deny it love
 You have made converts Father, have you not ?

BUSEO A few your majesty,
 Have seen the light and entered in the fold
 Many more
 Have seen the light, but tread not yet the way
 And that the light may brighter shine in Agra,
 The emperor's sanction to erect a chapel
 Wherein the Christian worship may be held,
 I beg be granted

MULLAH The Mussulmans majesty,
 The most devoted and most numerous
 Of all your subjects,
 Pray you to tell this priest
 He goes too far, insults them and the Prophet
 By his audacious asking God
 Will punish us if he has way in this

DARA The Portugals
 Are devil-taught They and the English
 Subdue the sea which is the devil's land
 And by their most unholy magic,
 They would change Mussulmans to devils too
 My voice is with the Mullah

BUSEO Thus do the powers of darkness
 Testify to the light by fearing it
 Think ye his majesty invites me hither
 To then deny me function ? But I rest
 Upon his majesty's word

MUMTAZ My lord,
 You have enquired into the Christian teachings,
 And found much to commend to them
 These Christians are meek, of good report,
 Speak truth set handily, tender and faithful are
 Unto their single wives abhor
 All that's unseemly in the sight of God,
 And honour kings You shall advantage

Yourself and people by allowing them
The self-same freedom you accord to others

JAFAR The empress

Has not considered how the people
Are like to murmur at a Christian chapel
Flung in their very faces in the city

JAHAN Have I not said

That till I find the one and true religion—
If there be such to find—

All shall have play in my dominions,
My subjects choice of any God they will
Have I myself not builded mosques and temples,
And shall I now deny

The Father one poor chapel?

I will not Your request

Is granted, Buseo Jafar

Shall have the sanction duly drawn and sealed

That none may question of it

BUSEO God's blessing on the king

MULLAH (*aside to DARA*) The empress

Is the king's vice She is

Our enemy and the Prophet's

DARA That's most certain

[*Enter a MESSENGER*]

JAHAN You are from Chitor

What message do you bring from Jagat Singh?

MESSENGER The Rajah, majesty,

Did with an ostentatious ceremonial

Address the ramparts which engirdle Chitor

As thus

"The mighty Shah Jahan

Commands you fall and crumble,

In that you were not builded with his leave"

Then to me turning

'Tell your master

I have conveyed his most illustrious order

Unto my city's walls,
 And yet you see
 The walls remain What can I do
 With recreant walls that will not budge an inch
 At word of Shah Jahan? Carry to him
 My service and regret "

JAHAN An insult from the Rajah Jagat Singh!
 A puny Rajah insults Shah Jahan!
 Thus Kandahar, thrice damnéd Kandahar,
 Has repercussion Jahangir,
 Who conquered Chitor, and upon the conquered
 Laid this condition, that unfortified
 Chitor remain, shall not in's death be flouted,
 Nor Jahan in his life I'll to the field (*rises*)
 In my own person Jagat Singh
 Shall jest no more, but be one

MUMTAZ I will accompany thee (*rises*)

JAHAN Haste, love, is the essential of our purpose,
 And all our usual pomp and tented splendour
 Shall this occasion lack I would not have thee
 Campaign so roughly Do thou stay at court,
 And be my welcome home Chitor
 Is not a Kandahar, nor Jagat Singh
 The Persian army If within two weeks,
 This Jagat is not crawling at my feet,
 His country waste, his capital ungirt,
 Call me a boaster and forget me, queen,
 Unworthy of my arms

MUMTAZ Nay, nay, do not so proudly put me off,
 Nor deem my body tender as my love,
 That haste and roughness fright it I will be
 As careless of all comforts as yourself,
 Ride at your pace, and be content with less
 Than any of your soldiers Indeed, indeed, Jahan,
 I will be your companion, not your trouble,
 And when you would have only men about you,

I will not mar your business Sure there'll be
 Some hour when you would say "Would she were here,"
 And that shall be my hour to steal upon you,
 The only hour that I'll be a woman,
 And doff my manly bravery, which else
 Shall be my constant wear It is most fit
 The queen be left behind Myself shall leave her,
 When I set out with you

JAHAN And so you shall

Hear ye then all !

On the Prince Dara we depend our power
 Whiles we are absent, lending him
 Such attributes of kingship as suffice
 To fill the occasion's need For us,
 We do abridge our audience at this point
 Sunrise to-morrow sees us on the wing,
 Too soon for that old braggart, Jagat Singh

[*The Court rises*]

SCENE 2

AGRA *An ante-chamber to the apartments of the empress*

AKBARABADI, FATHFURI, afterwards HIRA BAI, THE MULLAH,
 BAHLOL

AKBARABADI I am so weary I could yawn at love,
 And be a wooden woman in his bed

FATHFURI The slumb'ry god is angry with us both,
 And draws his purple bands around our eyes
 Yours are most visible, and mine
 I'm sure are so to you

AKBARABADI Indeed they are This watching on the queen
 Will make us ill as she, but then
 Ill with a difference We should be only

Superfluous wives who might as well be dead,
As live neglected

FATHPURI Nay, we are dead
While Mumtaz lives

AKBARABADI If she should die

FATHPURI Didst note

The physician's aspect when he left her sleeping ?

AKBARABADI Nothing

Or good or bad that I could read in it

FATHPURI Methought

'Twas rather grave than solemn, as if

The issue was in balance

AKBARABADI It is most strange

If God should let her live 'Tis said

That she is half a Christian in her heart,

And would not see the Mullah when he came,

After that father Busco had been welcomed,

Who left with her the figure of a man,

Half-naked on a cross, that Christians worship

FATHPURI It is a sin to worship anything

That man has fashioned

AKBARABADI Perhaps 'twill bring God's vengeance on us all

For tending such an one

FATHPURI We did not choose our trouble

She must forsooth ride forth with her Jahan,

Campaigning like a common trull, who hangs

On soldiers' heels to ply them in the camp,

And substitute their lawful mistresses

AKBARABADI It is a most improper thing to do

For high-born ladies It is God's judgment

That she fell sick

FATHPURI Jahan, they say,

Had like to have unsworn his oath,

To reduce Chitor in half a month of days,

And trailed ingloriously to Agra back

Because his queen was sick—a pretty tale

To have writ of a Mogul conqueror,
 And emperor of the world, great Shah Jahan
 To turn and flee because his queen was sick !
 But this would be her shame, and of her pride
 Persuades him to the semblance of himself,
 And he goes on—she and her fever
 Unloads on us—we must o'erwatch ourselves,
 And stain our faces with a long fatigue,
 Because the queen is sick—and now she sleeps,
 And yet we must not sleep

AKBARABADI I would I were as wide-eyed and awake
 As is my hate of her

FATHPURI And I Have we not cause to hate her ?

[*Enter from the inner chamber HIRA BAI*]

What's the matter Is the queen—— ?

HIRA BAI The queen is as she was There is no change
 Do you go in to her I have
 A message from the Mullah He seeks me here
 With tidings

FATHPURI We'd hear them too

HIRA BAI You shall—but not

Till I have spoke the Mullah privately

AKBARABADI You're too high-handed with us, Hira Bai,
 The youngest wife too

HIRA BAI If 'twere not

That it would rouse the harem, and might open
 Eyes that are now fast shut, I'd nip your cheek,
 And rive the air with squeals Go in, you baby

[*AKBARABADI and FATHPURI go in*]

What is it in this night that makes it seem
 As it would last for ever, and the dawn
 As far off as my Aurungzeb ? Something
 I feel that I must do, but know not what,
 And yet I shall know soon

[*Enter THE MULLAH*]

MULLAH Peace be on you, daughter

HIRA BAI And on you, peace !

MULLAH Where are the other women ?

HIRA BAI They watch within They will not dare disturb

What is toward between us

MULLAH It will be brief The queen's physician

Reports to Dara thus—

HIRA BAI Reports to Dara ! What a bloody wound

Your saying that inflicts on Aurungzeb

MULLAH Think you of that to-morrow

To-night think of the queen

HIRA BAI I do Well, the physician

Reports to Dara—God

Doom him to some unutterable fate

MULLAH Amen !—This is the kernel

Of the physician's wisdom—when the queen

Wakes from her present sleep, it will be clear

Whether she'll live or no It is the crisis,

On which her illness sways as on an edge,

To fall this side or t other

HIRA BAI If she lives—

MULLAH 'Tis Busco's triumph The malignant priest

Has poisoned her, and she

Poisons Jahan in turn, and Jahan's wives

Will be put off, and men will pity them

God's will be done He can ordain

Being all powerful, that she shall arouse

To health of soul and body

HIRA BAI Ay He can ordain, as also

That she shall go off sleeping

MULLAH Twere better so, than that an evil

Which is but yet half-grown should be fulfilled

In the rank bloom of sin I'll leave you now

You are a pious daughter of the faith,

And it may be you yet shall serve the faith

In ways unguessed

HIRA BAI I will believe it

[Exit THE MULLAH]

In ways unguessed

[*She goes to the entrance of the inner chamber and calls very softly. Re enter FATHPURI and AKBARABADI*]

HIRA BAI The queen——?

FATHPURI Nothing

AKBARABADI She breathes

As easy as a child

HIRA BAI That's ominous of good The fever

Had been more stubborn if it were more kind

FATHPURI Says the physician—what?

AKBARABADI Tell us, sweet lady

HIRA BAI Sweet lady! Akbarabadi

Calls me sweet lady, and the Mullah

A very pious daughter of the Prophet

I am as sweet as pious, and as pious

As I am sweet The queen

Will never wake again

FATHPURI Does the physician say so?

She does not look like death

HIRA BAI Physicians

Are fools and guessers The empress will not wake

Because she must not

AKBARABADI You frighten me Your eyes

Are strange and fearful (To FATHPURI) Does she not frighten you?

FATHPURI Speak Hira Bai I am more frightened
Of silence than of speech

HIRA BAI What would you be,

The wives of Shah Jahan,

Or drabs without a name a place a station

The scorn of women fragments

Of what were once the lights of the harem,

Now quenched and dark, crown jewels

That sparkled on the temples of a king
 By fresh assay discovered to be paste,
 And in the sudden dropped, and the whole round
 Of golden setting hers

FATHEUR I Sooner I would not be
 Than be the thing you name

AKBARAHADI Indeed indeed
 'Twould bring our noble fathers to such shame
 That they would kill us

HIRA BAI What is this Mumtaz but a Christian,
 And what she is Jahan will be Her cunning
 Shapes him so subtly to the mould it wears,
 That what she wills he in his own despite
 Determines he'll become But now
 Her cunning lies all open to our will
 In yonder chamber Do you stay me here,
 A little oh a very little while,
 And when I am returned, then beat your breasts
 And wail—you shall have cause

FATHEUR What would you—?

HIRA BAI Is it so difficult
 To stifle her? A cushion
 Pressed on that face that would have damned Jahan
 Will do the trick, and twin
 The unhelped work of nature I will not
 Be long away sweet women
[She goes in]

AKBARAHADI My heart
 Is beating so, so sounding in my ears
 That you must hear it too Do you not hear it?
 FATHEUR 'Tis your excited fancy Let's converse
 As if the minutes were like those that were
 And carry nothing thence not usual
 Indeed they do not not for us we are
 Two women talking Is there any news
 Of Shah Jahan at Chitor?

AKBARABADI Something I've heard
 That he has reached the city What will he do
 When he comes back to this ? She is
 Now in her chamber If she should wake
 And struggle—listen ! I could shriek,
 But that I dare not

FATHPURI Pray you, calm yourself We must
 Be very calm The Prince Dara
 Apes all the arrogance of Shah Jahan
 Would court the favour of all people, but
 His temper mars his craft You do not listen

AKBARABADI How long may one have's breathing stopped and
 live ?

FATHPURI I cannot tell, not long
 You wander wildly
 I would not give a diamond in my necklace
 For any chances of Prince Aurungzeb
 To climb again to favour

AKBARABADI Oh, he's done
 And 'tis not to be marvelled Hira Bai
 Is full of spleen, and envious and racked
 With malices uncouthed when her prize
 Loses the lottery Is that her step ?

FATHPURI No You conjure silence
 Into a sound

AKBARABADI It is a dreadful silence Do you not feel
 That it is dreadful ?

FATHPURI You make it so It has no quality
 But what we give it

AKBARABADI Nay, even as we speak, her hands
 Press on that royal face Her breath
 Imprisoned fights as in a deep dug grave
 Th'immovable earth betwixt it and the air,
 And chokes in darkness

FATHPURI What of it ? Is not all dying
 A stoppage of the breath ? You are distraught

More potent than all else that lives and breathes
 Oh, how I hate all things that live and breathe,
 And she does not Prate you to me of kings,
 And courts and people?
 They are nothing The world
 Has but one king, one subject,
 Death and sorrow

JAFAR Pardon your servant, that he dares
 To speak what's in him You do lose
 Yourself too wildly in this bitterness
 You are not a private man, but Shah Jahan,
 And that Jahan was graced with a sweet queen,
 Cannot be substance of so huge a grief
 That it blots out the world

JAHAN It does, Jafar I tell thee, man, it does

JAFAR Why then,
 The world will blot out you
 The mighty Shah Jahan
 Loses a wife, though he has many wives,
 And in that loss is lost, himself and crown,
 Though he has but one crown to lose withal

JAHAN What, what?

JAFAR Your sons
 Dara and Shuja, Murad, Aurungzeb,
 Will bloodily contest the throne
 You throw to them Akbar and Jahangir
 Yielded to death their purple You
 Put it away with tears Oh, I could weep
 Myself into a dotage Such a king
 To ebb away in water!

JAHAN Thou art a traitor, Jafar Khan, and here,
 I dispossess thee of all dignities
 That I have had on you Thou shalt learn
 That I still wear a crown
 Bahlo! (Enter BAHLO.)
 Order my guard

JAFAR I am content

JAHAN Bahlol,

Stay yet a moment

Content? You are content?

JAFAR Content that you are roused

From the deep lethargy in which I found you

JAHAN I see (*He dismisses BAHLOL with a gesture*) Ah,
Jafar,

You have not loved as I

JAFAR The Prophet

Bade husbands love their wives, and so I do,

But count them not so precious that they fill

The total orbit Your majesty

Has other wives to love

JAHAN They are women, I have married them, and so
Let them be wives, but my harem

Is in my heart, and that

Was buried in the garden where she is,

Who was herself the garden of all women,

And bloom of earth But this

Is not betwixt us For that you have spoke,

And hurt me to my good, it was well done,

And to morrow

We will hold audience, and as is our wont

Upon the balcony we'll show ourselves,

And shame the face of rumour One thing mark,

And bring to action most immediately

JAFAR It shall be marked and done

JAHAN This Father Buseo I do revoke

All privileges soever I have grunted

To him and to the Christians Him I banish

The God that my dear consort so much favoured

Is a false God All Gods are false

And cheat their trusters,

And there is but one answer to all questions—

The grave Hence Hence My grief

Is now again in spate Speak no more word
 But go To-morrow
 I will be Shah Jahan To night
 The outlast of all comfort, turn
 Upon the nails and spikes of memory

[Exit JAFAR KHAN Enter JAHANARA]

JAHANARA You sent for me, my father

JAHAN Did I send? I had forgot

JAHANARA You would be alone?

JAHAN From the world, yes But you

Are not the world The daughter of a mighty king,
 Yet of so gentle and so meek a spirit,
 That even glory is by you abashed,
 And doubts his lineage

JAHANARA A lowly spirit well becomes the lowly,
 And such am I

Would it ease your heaviness, good sir,
 To speak your grief, or shall I
 Be near you, touch your hand,
 And weep with you in silence?

JAHAN Be near me, yes For tears,
 All I had felt in a swollen rush
 When I looked on her face

JAHANARA There was no fever in it Still and pale and calm,
 As one who passed in peace

JAHAN She took it with her
 Into her grave Who henceforth would find peace
 Must seek it there

JAHANARA Do they not say that sorrow
 Which broods upon itself becomes
 The shame of sorrow,—which is bitterness

JAHAN How 'scape we this inbreeding? When was it
 That I chastised the Rajah of Chitor?
 And brought him to his knees, nay, nay, not when,
 But who—who crashed the walls of Chitor?
 He was a soldier Who think'st thou

Buildest the Palace wherein now we mourn,
 For that it holds no more the light of it,
 Who on the barren and bare earth that was,
 Whereon we tread, with a magician's spell,
 Caused it to rise in arch, and wall and tower,
 And doméd copy of the bending sky,
 And lo ! 'twas Agra—wonder of all cities
 He was indeed a piler-up of splendours
 But who did this—not I Know you who did it, child ?

JAHANARA My father jests with me He may forget
 The name of Shah Jahan, the world will not

JAHAN You have said it The world *shall* not
 That Shah Jahan, the Shah Jahan who loved
 A living woman I do put away
 A new Jahan abiding with her memory,
 Which he'll entomb with a perpetual glory,
 Succeeds him at the instant I am big
 With grandiose conception

JAHANARA What moves you, father, to this sudden start ?

JAHAN Never has queen or woman been so loved,
 And never shall one be so sepulchred
 Over her ashes I'll erect my masterpiece,
 And ages following when they gaze upon't,
 Dazzled and faint with beauty, they shall murmur
 The names of Muntazz and of Shah Jahan

JAHANARA Nay, my father,
 Your own heart is her noblest monument

JAHAN What say you, Jahanara ?
 Of Jaipur marble and sandstone from Fatehpur,
 Red as her lips, it shall be buildest
 Each block cut perfectly, with not an edge
 That is not sharp and true, part unto part so fitted,
 That it shall seem as if the building grew
 As life were in't The crown of it,
 A dome so aerial and finistically light,

That Samarkand's most cunning masons shall not
 Believe their hands have raised it
 For the bedecking of this cloud beaming sepulchre
 The earth shall be my jewel-box
 Its costliest gems and rarest stones I'll rife
 And they immortally shall flash their splendours
 For her who was the jewel of the world,
 And is its loveliest sorrow

JAHANARA You are as one entranced Sir—sir—
 You lose touch of the earth but not
 The dust that's of it

JAHAN Every land
 Shall pay its tribute to her Jade and crystal
 Shall be the grief of China The Punjab
 Shall weep in jasper, Bundelkund
 In diamonds, Persia
 Drop tears of onyx and of amethyst
 Even cold Tibet shall melt in turquoises
 Sapphires and lapis lazuli Ceylon shall drop,
 And far Arabia shall her mourning show,
 And sigh in coral and cornelian
 The heart of all, the cenotaph, whereunder
 Her precious relics lie, shall be
 Draped with a sheet of pearls, and have
 Before't a screen of gold,
 Be starred with gems that shall out-star the sky,
 And make it lack some lustre

JAHANARA Father! Jahan! You do o'er-top yourself
 With these imaginings Why do you stare so?

JAHAN It is before me See Jahanara! See
 The Taj Mahal that shall be

*[The chamber has darkened, and a distant vision
 of the Taj appears It fades away, and the light
 returns]*

Call Bahlol I'll have
 My architects At once. At once We'll plan
 Even as the vision showed it. Ere the dawn
 It shall be fixed on paper I am afire.
 The genius in me now must take command,
 Or break the instrument Bahlol! My architects!

[As BAHLOL enters the scene closes]

END OF ACT III

ACT IV

SCENE I

AURUNGABAD. *A room in AURUNGZEB's palace. A common soldier is on his knees before AURUNGZEB, with an officer standing over him.*

AURUNGZEB, MIR JUMLA, SOLDIER, OFFICER, *afterwards* HIRA
BAI

AURUNGZEB (*to the officer*) : Is this the fellow
Who sings and plays ?

OFFICER 'Twas he your highness heard
As you passed through the camp

AURUNGZEB I would he were of rank, not common stuff,
That I might show an ordinance of mine
Shall not be broke by my near'st officer,
And be unmeted by the penalty

SOLDIER Mercy, mighty prince In the name o' God,
I cry you mercy

MIR JUMLA What has the fellow done ?

AURUNGZEB Done ! Vexed the sober ears
O' the soldiers with his juggling foolery.

MIR JUMLA But that ! A merry soldier
Is a good soldier Your melancholy man
Lays out his heart before the fight begins,
And spreads his spleen about him like a cloud
Whip sadness if you will, not merriment

SOLDIER Mercy, mighty prince In the name o' God
I cry you mercy

AURUNGZEB I have forbidden

All music in my camp and in my house
A soldier's business is to fight and pray,
And when the sword or musket's not in use,
Let him tell's beads upon his rosary,
As I do We are God's soldiers, we,
And turn our arms upon His enemies
For this musician, hang him on a tree,
And the wind play him like an instrument,
Till vultures make an end Take him away

[Exit OFFICER with SOLDIER]

MIR JUMLA Is this a mosque then, Aurungzeb, that I have come to?

AURUNGZEB If you will, Mir Jumla I tell you,
I have at last fashioned an army
That is to that of Jahan's and my brothers
Order to chaos, a goring bull
To sheep With your artillery added,
A knife to carve up Asm

MIR JUMLA What are your last advices from the court?

AURUNGZEB Jahan grows impotent, Dara o'erswells, the people
Groan under burdens The extravagant tomb
Jahan has builded over Mumtaz' ashes
Dips the scale 'gainst him almost to the bed

MIR JUMLA 'Tis said to be a marvellous piece of work

AURUNGZEB The stretched resources of a mighty empire
Concentred on a folly
Four hundred lakhs of rupees, twenty thousand men,
And five years' labour If Jahan
Has builded not his ruin on the Jumna,
I am not Aurungzeb

MIR JUMLA And for a woman That
Sticks in my throat A woman

AURUNGZEB No matter

The board is set, Mir Jumla, and the game
Of empire starts afresh

MIR JUMLA 'Twill be a bloody one Would it were possible
To know the end of it Have you no man of stars
To read this script of fortune?

AURUNGZEB 'Twere impious so to do God doth reveal
Himself

Unto His servants Has He not put
On each man His own mark, whereby the issue
That is in him's foretold? If He has made
Jahan a madman builder and a lover,
My brother Dara in his own conceit
So muffled that he trips upon the hem of it,
Shuja unready when the action calls,
And Murad brainless, dissolute and brave
Which bravery rushes on the spike of loss,
Is it not in His plan, part of His script

That you name fortune's And if Aurungzeb—

MIR JUMLA Why do you pause on Aurungzeb?

AURUNGZEB I am in pause, Mir Jumla, every way,
And action hangs on moment Ha! what's this?

[*Re-enter OFFICER*]

OFFICER (*handing AURUNGZEB a paper*) A message from the
emperor

AURUNGZEB The messenger?

OFFICER Would speak you private, meanwhile waits your
pleasure

AURUNGZEB Tell him to wait it then

[*Exit OFFICER AURUNGZEB breaks the seal and
reads the message*]

So So

MIR JUMLA What says Jahan? An order
To visit him at Agra? It is yours
Since his affection gazed on Aurungzeb
And Dara too has brotherly love
Is hungered and would eat

AURUNGZEB It is you, Mir Jumla
Jahan would have it Agra

He orders you to leave upon the instant,
And—this is indeed great news——

Confers on you the office of prime minister

MIR JUMLA Impossible ! What then of Jafar Khan ?

AURUNGZEB It seems that Jafar Khan

Urges that he is weary, and would drop

His public burdens Read the paper

MIR JUMLA (*reading*) It is so Prime minister of Shah Jahan

This works out well At Agra

I can do much

AURUNGZEB For whom ?

MIR JUMLA Why do you ask ? For Aurungzeb

Are we not leagued together ?

AURUNGZEB I have enough of friends at court, Mir Jumla
Jahan and Dara

Have made them for me, though they guess it not

You and your guns

Will do us better service with me here,

Or with me there, but here or there

With me

MIR JUMLA And yet it may not be the properest policy

To disobey Jahn This wants consideration

AURUNGZEB Prime minister of Shah Jahan—that's now

Prime minister of Aurungzeb—that's not so certain,

And much to do before that hope matures

Truly, you must consider

MIR JUMLA , You cannot doubt me I fix my hopes on you

Jahan's throne totters How should I then

Stay fortune on that cast ? If then I go——

AURUNGZEB You will not go

MIR JUMLA Will not ? Will not ?

AURUNGZEB Shall not

MIR JUMLA Whose "shall not," Aurungzeb,

Must I bow down to ? You are not

My emperor yet A viceroy of the Deccan,

Out of his father's favour, with three brothers,

Of whom one's on the crest, and two
 Less under than are you I speak not thus,
 Because I doubt or waver on the throw,
 But that you leap from means to end, and from that end
 Derive authority which does not
 Belong to means Your absolute "shall not"
 Anticipates too much

AURUNGZEB Mir Jumla,

I do not doubt you, long as you believe
 The star of Aurungzeb, though still obscured,
 Is destined to blaze forth the regnant star
 But court and office, Dara and Jahan,
 May play strange tricks with faith and Aurungzeb
 Grow smaller when he's spied at from afar
 In a word, you are my prisoners,
 You and your followers

MIR JUMLA Never I will—

AURUNGZEB You cannot go to Agra I have seized
 All ferries that do cross the Narbadā

MIR JUMLA Seized all the ferries—

AURUNGZEB Every one

MIR JUMLA To what purpose?

AURUNGZEB To conceal from Dara and Jahan
 The progress of events in the Deccan
 And to secure

My passage when the moment beckons me

MIR JUMLA But the messenger?

AURUNGZEB Was passed by my permission
 And his return's unlikely

MIR JUMLA The struggle then begins

AURUNGZEB It is the first move

MIR JUMLA I must even then connive at my arrest,
 And be your willing prisoner I had not deemed
 That destiny was soot I am well pleased,
 Though your "shall not" my pride must rankle at

AURUNGZEB 'Twill soon have stuff to feed it A full stomach
 Forgets its injuries But I bethink me

The messenger—here is some mystery—
 Requests my private ear Adieu awhile

MIR JUMLA Take care A dagger thrust,
 And Aurungzeb's no longer in the running

AURUNGZEB God orders all, Mir Jumla

[Exit MIR JUMLA Re-enter OFFICER]

Inform the messenger from Shah Jahan
 That I await him

OFFICER Instantly, highness

[Exit OFFICER A cloaked figure enters]

AURUNGZEB What means the cloak ? How dar'st thou come
 disguised

Into my presence

[The figure throws aside the cloak and reveals

HIRA BAI]

The lady Hira Bai Are you the messenger ?

HIRA BAI I came with him

AURUNGZEB You came with him Have you then fled the
 court ?

HIRA BAI Aurungzeb, I have Your face

Is full of question Hear me then

[AURUNGZEB inclines his head]

While you, Aurungzeb, forgetting me,

To whom you have deeply vowed,

Have in the Deccan builded up your power,

I, I who cannot

Forget where I have loved, have secretly

Been as a cunning finger in that hand

Which has been yours at Agra Day and night

I have thought and schemed for you

AURUNGZEB I thank you, lady, but I depend

On other aids than yours

HIRA BAI It was not so, proud Aurungzeb,

When you did oath your constancy to me,

And at my bidding, yes, at mine,

Forswore yourself in the cup Ah, you remember that

AURUNGZEB If you were wise,

You'd have me not recall it Fasting and prayer

Have cleansed me from that sin

HIRA BAI Saint Aurungzeb, so pure you are and near to
God,

That in your shadow I would be cleansed too

AURUNGZEB From what?

HIRA BAI From murder Ah, you start

A Mogul prince starts at the very word

AURUNGZEB Woman, what have you done?

HIRA BAI Murdered for Aurungzeb—for Aurungzeb

Come now, "I thank you lady" From your store

Of thank yous, have you not one

To throw at my famishing heart, for that I did

To profit in your cause—and God's,

A holy murder, Aurungzeb

AURUNGZEB Whose? Whose? Not, not Jahan

No No Then Dara? Rack me no longer Speak

HIRA BAI Your enemy who banished you from Agra—

God's enemy—the friend of Christians—

Dara's friend—Mumtaz Mahal

AURUNGZEB She died of sickness You are distract,

Or fool me to your purpose

HIRA BAI She died of a pillow, which I pressed upon her

On this confession passed Oh may she rot
 In spirit as in body ! The good Mullah
 Warned and secreted me Jahan
 In horrible rage, and foiled in's search of me,
 Accounted all alike, and did
 Upon his whole harem my vengeance wreak
 More than his own, flinging his shrieking wives
 To the royal elephants, whom their thunderous hooves,
 Pent in a narrow den, as 'twere unknowingly,
 Stamped to amorphous death I, lying hid,
 The occasion of the messenger presenting,
 Crept out, and with contrivance of the Mullah
 Made of his escort one So Aurungzeb,
 What will you do with me ?

AURUNGZEB I do not know You are the wedded wife of
 Shah Jahan

HIRA BAI The wife of Shah Jahan, whom Aurungzeb
 Loved wildly once Say that you love me still
 And if it be the throne you strike for's yours,
 And that I may not share it—if that dream
 Is dreamed and over—yet if I spare you,
 Ah Aurungzeb, I'll wear a happier crown
 Than empery can have Wilt put it on my brow ?
 Sure—sure this coldness cannot
 Be your true wear The heart I knew and loved
 Beats in you yet It must do so, it must,
 Or you are perjured to the top of hell,
 And I the most deceived of all women,
 And—mark you—Aurungzeb,
 The most desperate

AURUNGZEB You are a tiger,
 Changing from feline purr to snarling rage
 My house is not a jungle, nor am I
 Your hunter Listen
 The splendid temple of Kēsava Dēva
 I have levelled to the dust The dancing girls,

The sacred missions of their filthy gods
 I have disbanded, and forbidden
 On pain of death to ply their amorous trade
 On any ground I rule Shall I do this,
 In service of my God and of His Prophet,
 And clip an undivorced and flying wife
 To my allegiance The heady youth
 Your beauty snared, and his immortal soul
 Drew to the verge of th' pit, is not this Aurungzeb
 Go where you will you shall not go with me
 HIRA BAI Now, Hira Bai, be yourself, and strike
 This liar to the earth

*[She draws a dagger and attempts to stab AURUNG-
 ZEB who—not unprepared for something of the sort—
 seizes her wrist and the dagger drops]*

AURUNGZEB It is not my fate

*[The OFFICER, hearing the noise enters HIRA BAI
 has sunk to the ground and is sobbing violently]*

AURUNGZEB *(to the OFFICER)* I did not call

OFFICER *(tearing)* Pardon, highness

AURUNGZEB *(to HIRA BAI, pointing to the dropped dagger)*

There is the key

That must unlock your end not mine

Your own hand do't, and quickly

This is a timeless parting

For Aurungzeb, a coffin or a crown!

For you—poor wretch—the dice is thrown and down!

*[He goes out HIRA BAI slowly stretches out her
 hand towards the dagger as the scene closes]*

SCENE 2

AGRA *The Hall of Private Audience*

SHAH JAHAN, DARÄ, *afterwards* JAFAR KHAN, MESSENGER

SHAH JAHAN What keeps Mir Jumla My peremptory order
Demanded him at Agra Has Aurungzeb
Infected him with disobedience?

DARÄ Why did he go to Aurungzeb at all?

JAHAN His way of march Moreover,
He will observe, and of his observations
Make full report

DARÄ It may be
Your orders reached the eyes of Aurungzeb,
And not his tongue

JAHAN If I thought that—but no, he durst not

DARÄ Aurungzeb waxes large in the Deccan,
And what his pride durst not, his spleen and jealousy
May prick him to

JAHAN Mir Jumla's fastened tightly to my service
By favours past and future—I'll not doubt him
Here's Jafar Khan to irk me

[*Enter JAFAR KHAN*]

JAFAR Majesty

JAHAN What is't? I know you are agog
To leave your master You shall find me
A not ungrateful one, and your retirement
Shall be a plenteous and a pleasant resting
From the heaviness of office

JAFAR Whate'er you do you cannot otherwise
Than do imperially

JAHAN I but await the arrival of Mir Jumla
To set you free Till then,
We'd have you stretch your duty a little further
Than your desire would have it

JAFAR My desire

Outruns my duty, like an untired youth

A sick companion

DARA Your duty sick? That's a strange term Why sick?

JAFAR Your pardon, prince, if I don't answer that
Save to my master

JAHAN Answer me then, Jafar

JAFAR I'm sick because your kingdom, Shah Jahan,
Is a sick kingdom

DARA Who make it so then? Councillors
Who traffic with the emperor's enemies,
Sedition breeders, hiding them at court
In habits of fair outward honesty,
But lined within with guile

JAFAR I am not touched The king
Knows how I have served him, and if he
Had served his people half as well, he would not
Be heir of what he is—a million curses!

DARA This in the king's hearing!

JAHAN Calm yourself, Dara Treason
Shows smilingly—this ugly face
Is confessed honesty, which has no tricks
To ogle whom she favours Jafar Khan
Has ever had the freedom of his lips,
And truth to tell has used that freedom freely,
As now he shall A million curses!
All kings are cursed
Because they are kings and rule,
And every over man in narrowing state
Is cursed by those below What is it, Jafar,
That your sick duty ere it yields the ghost,
Would say to Shah Jahan?

JAFAR Look on your kingdom, majesty

JAHAN Let us look on it together, Jafar

(Taking him to the balcony)

There is my kingdom, there beyond the Jumna,

Beneath that dome that floats upon the air,
 As lotus bud on water There my soul
 Sits on his throne of sorrow with his queen,
 And holds his court with worms

JAFAR Awake, Jahan, awake, O king,
 And sleep no more with shadows
 Let the imperial sepulchre you have raised
 Fulfil the office of her memory,
 And tell to wondering time her grace and virtue
 Do you attend the living Your wretched subjects,
 O'ertaxed, oppressed, cry out their misery
 To their unanswering lord They ask for bread,
 You give them literal stone Are palaces and tombs
 The stay of gnawing stomachs ?

JAHAN Gnawing stomachs ! Either your words
 Do much o'erhang the edges of the truth,
 Or I am badly served You, Dara,
 Who whiles I have walked aside with melancholy,
 And strove with my hurt spirit,
 Have worn my power, reply to Jafar Khan

DARA Words against words Let me reply
 In action—that's a dungeon for this man,
 Who with presumption riding on past service,
 And his notorious dislike of me,
 And secret favour to false Aurungzeb,
 Traduces all of us

JAFAR Oh, my dear master, be not flattered thus
 Prince Dara has but postured in your glass,
 Which never has been turned to the big world
 That lies without the court, on which nathless
 The pomp and glory of your state is founded
 If that is rotten, all else is a sham,
 Like to a painted face upon a harlot
 Ride out upon the common ways with me,
 And you shall meet your anti-emperor
 He,

With withered hand and glazed eye, stalks forth,
 And wins your subjects from you
 If that's your kingdom on the Jumna there,
 Where beauty is and hallowed graciousness,
 The Lord of Hindostan's not Shah Jahan,
 But Famine, and his tram
 Is beasts that once were men

JAHAN That *are* men, Jafar But complete your picture
 And tint it as you will, we'll look on it,
 So that your brush be truth not artistry

JAFAR I limn no picture, majesty These things
 Bleed through the flux of words, and would be seen,
 Though sight be maimed by them Life itself
 Is offered for a loaf and goes a-begging
 Rank would be freely given for a cake, yet none
 Would buy it at so desperate a cost
 Dogs' flesh is now become a luxury
 The dead are dug from graves, and their bones pounded
 To eke the flour that's sold
 Nay, men eat men, and a son's flesh
 Is dearer to his father than his love
 The roads are massed with corpses, and who still
 Are miserable enough to be alive
 Wander with vacant air from place to place,
 And want the strength to cure themselves with death

JIBAN What emperor rules plagues? I send them not
 These men have gods, and priests, and prayers
 Perchance
 The priests are lazy, and the prayers too few

MESSENGER Khalilullah Khan

Acquaints your majesty that Prince Aurungzeb,
With battle-fronted army,
Has crossed the Narbadā

DARA He is disclosed ! The traitor is disclosed !
He, majesty, has replied
To Jafar Khan

JAHAN No more of that I'll stake
My crown on Jafar's faithfulness This news
Sinks other matters to the secondary
Now Aurungzeb has ta'en the fatal step,
Deleting all consideration more
That fatherhood may tender—'tis too much
That I have tendered—from this moment
He is mine enemy, and shall be crushed
To the remorseless stop

DARA (to MESSENGER) Know you aught
Or do you aught conjecture of Mir Jumla ?

MESSENGER He is with Aurungzeb

JAHAN Oh, 'tis monstrous
That treason should have such a magnet in it,
That from their centres other loyalties
Are torn away and wrecked
Where is Khalilullah Khan ?

MESSENGER He's falling back as Aurungzeb advances

JAHAN To you, Dara,
I entrust my uttermost strength
To chastise Aurungzeb Oh, let him feel
Once more the iron of defeat His person
Take if you can, and bring him,
A traitor for the second time before me,
'Twill be his last For me,
I am not what I was, must be contented
To hear not yet the story

DARA He was my insolent at Kandahar,
And I will rid the empire of this rat,
Or tail him squeaking to the gaze of you

JAHAN Summon the generals, Dara, to a council,
And food and sleep bestow on this brave officer,
Who has ridden fast and long I will recall
Forgotten tricks of soldiership, that shall give you
The pull o' the field No hurry, but
An ordered quickness govern everything

[*Exeunt all except JAFAR KHAN*]

JAFAR O Mumtaz, thou who shared his rule in life,
In death possess him wholly What he is
Scarce nods acquaintance with the man he was
My heart must serve him still My judgment
Deserts unwillingly to Aurungzeb,
And does so shame me that I cast it off
And will not use it more

[*He follows the king*]

SCENE 3

AGRA *The Hall of Public Audience The Peacock Throne has
been completed and occupies the centre niche*

THE MULLAH, BAHLOL, afterwards SHAH JAHAN, JAFAR KHAN,
JAHANARA, AURUNGZEB, MIR JUMLA, OFFICERS, etc of
AURUNGZEB

MULLAH What's the matter, Bahlol?
Where are the thronging courtiers of Jahan,
The soldiers, guards, the ladies
The people seeking justice of their lord,
This is a court day, is it not?

BAHLOL Ay, 'tis the day As for the courtiers,
You herld them—they will be here anon

But they are bloody and must wash themselves

Before they come to court 'Twould be unseemly else

MULLAH Strange revolutions God has worked, Bahlol

BAHLOL With help of men—and something

Of a most excellent elephant

MULLAH God has His instruments—a common fly

May serve God's purposes—but

An elephant—how mean you ?

BAHLOL Why, 'twas an elephant that ruined Dara,

And scattered his great host

MULLAH Riddle me not, my good Bahlol,

Or save my brain and tend the answer too

An elephant—not Aurungzeb

Defeated Dara ?

BAHLOL I will tell you

What I have heard—and on authority

Of one on the field at Samugarh,

Where Aurungzeb and Dara shocked together

The battle hung

On a pin's point Dara on's elephant

Was marl for the enemy's fire, and was persuaded,

For safety of his all important person

To come down from his howdah,

And mount a horse Mark now, how slight a thing

Tips the great world

MULLAH A cunuch a philosopher ?

BAHLOL Why not ? All men have mistresses,

And the poor cunuch,

Denied his nature, couples with philosophy

Who bears strange children by him

No sooner did the army of Prince Dara

Observe the empty howdah, than arose

The cry "Dara is dead" In vain

The horse'd Dara strove to show himself

Dara is dead, "the prince is dead," ran through

The dismayed ranks, whereon

The enemy pushed him home, and huge disaster
Fell on th' imperial cause—but that
All Agra knows
They say

The people welcomed Aurungzeb as if
He was their idol I heard the shouting

MULLAH It was so And is this emptiness
The court of Shah Jahan ?

BAHLOL A eunuch more or less, old Jafar Khan,
Who had no legs to run with all the others
To greet and fawn on Aurungzeb,
That is the train of my magnificent master

MULLAH It is God's judgment on an unbeliever

BAHLOL I hope that Aurungzeb remembers me,
And how I served him when he was a prince,
And hated Dara—lives he or is he prisoner
This Dara ?

MULLAH He is in flight, a wretched remnant
Of his immediate followers with him

BAHLOL Where are the Princes Shuja and Murad ?

MULLAH They advance each from their separate kingdoms,
Shuja from Bengal, Murad from Gujerat,
Towards Agra

BAHLOL To contest with Aurungzeb They are too late
He's in the centre but there still will be
Some pretty blood-letting before all's done,
And Aurungzeb's unbrothered It is not safe
For emperors to have brothers

MULLAH No, nor sons either

[*A roll of drums is heard faintly*]

BAHLOL That's Aurungzeb

MULLAH I will retire This all-deserted palace
Appals me

BAHLOL A riderless elephant—remember that

MULLAH 'Tis a tale

Not likely to please Aurungzeb whose prowess

It something takes from—you remember that
[Exit THE MULLAH]

BAHLOL Bahlol, you are a fool

Great men do make themselves, and are not made
 By other men, or nature's accidents
 Themselves and God—the proudest can be humble
 In rendering thanks to God This is philosophy
 But here's Jahan If he were not a king,
 He might be a philosopher That's something
 To think of whiles I'm dumb

*[Enter SHAH JAHAN, with JAFAR KHAN and JAHAN-
 ARA JAHAN wears his crown and is in the full dress
 of the emperor]*

JAHAN I am emperor still, and as an emperor
 I will receive The most courteous Aurungzeb,
 Having destroyed my army, ta'en my city,
 Relieved me of my many faithful friends—
 Save such as have forgot to be unfaithful,
 You, Jafar, and my daughter—
 Guarded my palace in his care of me,
 Craves audience That's a subject's phrase
 Craves audience There's no violence nor treason
 In a petition that's so humbly couched,
 And I,
 The powerful and glorious Shah Jahan,
 Do graciously permit Where is my court?

JAFAR Alas, your majesty,
 Wound not yourself with fantasies that bite
 More deeply than the fact

JAHAN Nay, but it is not a fantasy
 My court is there—Bahlol!
 He was my eunuch yesterday To-day
 He is my soldiers, people, lords and ladies,
 My office-bearers, writers, household servants,
 And he shall kneel to me and kiss my hands
 Approach, Bahlol

[BAHLOL kneels to JAHAN]

Behold,

The homage of the world to Shah Jahan!

[Distant shouting]

We'll mount our seat Press not, my subjects—

My loving subjects—so closely on me

We would have air

JAHANARA You are not

Your healthful self, good sir

This audience put off You Jafar—

JAHAN What,

We have some putting off to do, my girl,

That makes yours slight Never

Has man put off so much as we shall do

[He mounts the throne Shouting nearer]

Again that shouting Aurungzeb

Plays well his instrument

We are ready

[Enter OFFICER]

OFFICER Prince Aurungzeb

Presents himself to th' Most Exalted Majesty,

The king valiant, Shah Jahan

[Enter AURUNGZEB MIR JUMLA, THE MULLAH,
OFFICERS, etc AURUNGZEB kneels at the foot of the
throne]

JAHAN Rise, Aurungzeb When last you left us,

You were a beggar—bereft of honour

Of filial duty, and of soldiership

Of our great clemency we pardoned you

And bade you to redeem your squandered graces

As viceroy of the Deccan You have done it

We are well pleased and welcome your return

Mir Jumla too—nay, of your modesty

Be not the servant

[He signs to MIR JUMLA who kneels at the throne]

Rise Mir Jumla

We have expected you When your late master,
 Abdullah Shah, the king of Hyderabad,
 Showed him ungrateful of your services,
 And marched against you, you and your arms,
 Your fealty, and the sworn adherence
 Of head and heart you did transfer to us
 In recognition whereof
 We have appointed you our minister
 You, Aurungzeb, shall be our chief commander

[*He beckons BAHLOL to come forward*]

There is your army most ambitious sir—
 Bahlol !

Mir Jumla

Th' officials of the palace are before you—
 Bahlol !

Gentlemen all,

You see our state We are a happy king,
 In having such a son and such a minister
 The Most Exalted Majesty of Hindostan,
 The mighty Shah Jahan,
 Greets each and all of you

AURUNGZEB Sir,

This mockery cannot serve

JAHAN Its name is Aurungzeb

AURUNGZEB What mean you ?

JAHAN Yours is the mockery—and you cannot serve

AURUNGZEB Not the same master Hear me, majesty

JAHAN Majesty, Jafar Jahanara,

You have a spendthrift brother From his wealth
 Of charmed words he flings me majesty,
 Who else were naked

AURUNGZEB Your state your person

Shall be protected For your rule,

It is not for the good of Hindostan,

Nor for your own, that you should wear the crown

I will not

Arraign you with th' abuses that have darkened
Your plenitude of power Your subjects
Have suffered them, and what they have borne
Is my just title to the course I take

JAHAN O Mumtaz, Mumtaz,

When this—this smooth-lipped thief was in my hand,
And I had closed it on him, thou
Persuaded'st me to be gentle Jahanara,
Thy voice was tuned to hers—see now,
What I am glad thy mother cannot see,
That kings who lack the colour to be cruel
Are by their children blasted Sir, have done
You are a subtle actor, but your play
Wearies my admiration I'll to bed,
And sleep my night away, but ere I go
Of all the heavy garments of the day
I will divest myself There is my crown
Let him pick up who will
Each several jewel in its glittering round
Is as a lightning that will pierce the wearer,
And burn and torture him Now in a single step

[Descending from the throne]

I fall from glory to the common earth

Great sir,

A private man—for not a dignity

Will I retain—you, who look on me here,

Know me no more, Jahan

Is now a shadow figure in a story—

A private man craves of your mastership

Let us to dwell i' the gardens of the Taj,

Aloof from the vain world There with my daughter,

And the dead heart of me, will I wear out

What's left of nights and days Your leave great sir

AUFUNGZRS You shall be cared for

JAHAN You palter with me Cannot
 Your crookedness unkink a single coil
 And be one instant level Answer then
 I' the gardens of the Taj I would retire
 Have I your leave ?

AURUNGZEB Trouble not yourself with that
 We do not act from malice, nor forget
 We are your son, nor will we wean
 Our sister from you

JAHAN Equivocator But we'll test
 If loyalty has dregs in any breasts
 That formerly owed service Jahanara,
 Attend your father Gentlemen,
 Make way for us We go
 Forever from this place

*[He attempts to leave by the outer entrance At a
 sign from AURUNGZEB, MIR JUMLA and the officers, etc
 draw their swords and bar his exit]*

His care of me He will not
 Suffer his father face the shelterless world,
 And swords him from his freedom
 Here is indeed a son Jahanara,
 Attend thy father yet Oh, oh,
 I am nightmared by devils See, ah see,
 They grin at me, and yonder
 Is the chief monster What a sooty glare
 He turns upon me In, in, in
 I am beset My guards Ho !
 My queen They've murdered her
 Ah, see, see, see
 The murderers with their swords
 It is a jest—a jest !

*[He breaks into hysterical laughter, and is attended
 off by JAHANARA and JAFAR KHAN]*

MIR JUMLA (*taking up the crown and offering it on his knees to AURUNGZEB*) : Emperor of Hindostan !

[AURUNGZEB *holding the crown in his hands ascends the throne.*]

AURUNGZEB (*putting on the crown*) : There is no God but God !

[*All fall on their faces, and the scene closes*]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V

SCENE 1

AGRA *A small chamber in the palace A couch on the right, on which lies JAHAN, now aged and broken A small window on the left*

JAHAN, JAHANARA afterwards OFFICER, AURUNGZEB

JAHANARA Are you awake, my father?

JAHAN I am dead,
And the dead wake not

JAHANARA Nay, my father,
You cannot so believe The dead are free

JAHAN Beyond the grave perhaps, but I lie in it

JAHANARA Dear father, you are dreaming still
An ill, ill dream Awake dear one This is
Your chamber, and the humble Jahanara
Kneels at your couch, who are her happiness
Will you not smile at her?

JAHAN This is my grave
When I did live I sat upon a throne,
And stretched my hand, and took the world for mine
Power crooked himself before me Splendour
Apparelled me Now I am kneaded
Into a clod and rot—rot—rot
What are you doing in this charnel house?
Are you not quick?

JAHANARA Do you not know me then?
My poor, poor father You are wandering
You must have a physician Aurungzeb

Shall send you a physician He will not
Deny us that

JAHAN Curses on Aurungzeb !

May the maleficent essence of all curses
That have been laid on all unnatural sons
From the beginning, concentrate on him !
And—and——

JAHANARA Good sir, be calm Nay, nay,
I will attend you—there, there, you shall feel
Better reclining so The sunset hour
Is gracious

JAHAN How long have I been here ?
Is't days, or months or years ?

JAHANARA I count them not, my father You and I
Are in so small a world, but all our own,
That time is little too

JAHAN How long ? How long ? Answer me Is it years ?

JAHANARA Ten years, my father

JAHAN Ten—ten long, long weary years

And I whose scope

Was liberal as the wind's, no bounds

Of time or place, save such as my own will

Did give them circumscription, here immured,

Like one of my own beasts, whose to and fro

Scarce stretches his own length

And you, whose wasted youth

Looks wanly from those cheeks why do you stay

On an old, helpless man, the scorn and mock,

As well I know I must be, of those eyes

Which read their fate in mine—and now in *his*

Have you no answer ready ?

JAHANARA I have a good one—I'm your daughter, sir

JAHAN My daughter, that's to say

That I begot you Ha ! ha ! ha !

A most exelling and most puissant reason,

For what—for treachery, dethronement, murder,

For prison, torture, all the deeds of hell
 Men—ordinary men—beget
 Things human like themselves, but kings
 Breed only serpents, so the long line
 Of the imperial reptiles fang each other,
 And trail themselves in blood What fool was I,
 That I cursed Aurungzeb
 He is accursed as I in being royal
 We are bloody monsters all, and you,
 In that you are my daughter, must be vile
 Ten years—and yet you have not poisoned me
 You serve Aurungzeb—nay, nay, why do you weep ?

JAHANARA My father, oh my father, I must weep,
 Or else my heart will crack
 I pray thee, sir, be patient with me I
 Lack words for what I feel

JAHAN Forgive me, Jahanara, daughter, saint,
 Who art thy mother even in thy tears,
 Which do rebuke me to her Nay, nay, nay,
 'Twas Shah Jahan who spoke so cruelly,
 And he has vanished like a golden smoke
 Here's but a poor, decrepit, dying wretch, whose dregs
 An angel tenders, till they vanish too
 Nor king, nor princess we, only
 A father and his child

JAHANARA His loving child

JAHAN Her loving father, who must wonder yet
 That thou art what thou art

JAHANARA Will you look forth,
 As is your wont, before the night comes down

JAHAN This is the crown
 Of each and all my days
 For this one moment every moment pays,
 And still is huge in debt
 For this one moment am I still a king,
 Grieving for such a queen

Help me to the window

[He looks out on the distant Taj]

Is it a thing substantial, or a vision
That now I look on Domes like bubbles,
On arches builded of unmarbled air
So delicate, yet with form 'Tis even
As a lovely thought, floating in the mind's eye,
Ere that creation has ta'en bold of it,
And marred it in the taking It meseems
The pleasure house of a bright and living spirit,
Towards which the musical waters lead
Even from this very window
A pathway mirroring Heaven I will tread it
Mumtaz——

JAHANARA Father

JAHAN The cypresses are black It is a tomb
Cold, cold and grey
How could I think it other

JAHANARA The moon is early and sets with the sun

JAHAN My moon has set before me,
Going down in blood I'll look no more
Would I could think no more This thinking
Sears me as with a knife

JAHANARA Would I could tender to you quietness,
And you would take it from me

JAHAN Quietness!

There is no quietness for kings They live
In a prolonged delirium,
Drunken with thought or action matters not
They are the charmed followers of tempest,
And when they are blasted by it,
And being a king unkinged, are less than nothing,
They maw on memory
Oh, it were better never to have been,
Than to have been and be

JAHANARA The foolish Jahanara begs you, sir,
To be in spirit, putting off the world
Which has so put off you

JAHAN It is not
As if I had been a commonplace of kings,
A gilded cut-throat, and a servile drab
Of brainless power No, no, no
Power was my handmaiden, the which I used
To create beauty, building
Temples and palaces, and out
Even of my desperate loss and lingly sorrow
Did carve the all-glorious Taj
Fool, fool, now all my palaces be shrunk
Into this narrow prison He who made
Acres of skyey splendour, eats his years
In this small here, where scarce might hang
The garments that he wore A scullion's closet
Might yield superfluous space to cut it out,
Yet it is large enough to hold my fortunes,
Which are as stamped as it
A couch, no more, to die on
Is the extent and utmost of my need
And yet I'd not die so—but that's a thought
That must have utterance soon
Is't not the wonted hour when my good son
Looks kindly on his rum?

JAHANARA It is his hour

JAHAN And Agra holds its sovereign—say it does,
Or must I stay my going if I can

JAHANARA Aurungzeb

Is from his hunting, sir I heard

The trumpets blare his welcome whiles you slept

JAHAN And he hunts well Tigers and kings
His trophies are

[Enter an Officer]

OFFICER The emperor

Hopes that your health is better, and that you'll
Permit him pay his customary visit

JAHAN Tell the emperor

I am not but I shall be better, and
Impatience hold in leash till he is come

OFFICER It shall be carried to him

[Exit OFFICER]

JAHAN He is

Of courteous guile, punctilious treachery,
The absolute master

JAHANARA Speak him, I pray you, fur, that he may send
Physician to you straight, for much I fear
That you are very ill

JAHAN Is not ten years enough? Wouldst have me be
His set off longer, let his triumph gloat
Over the spectacle of my misery?
So fond a sister to her Aurungzeb,
That she would have her father live to tinct
With freshlrier colour his ascendancy

JAHANARA Alas, alas

Think not of the unhappy Jahanara,
Suspect as daughter, as a sister scorned
Let her be nothing but a servitor,
To do commands and wait on you,
No more

JAHAN Nay, now you make me weep,
That love can be so bitter

JAHANARA No, no, no

Love's bitterness is sweet, that it does give
Scope for love's bounty

JAHAN Yours my Jahanara,

Is as your mother's, limitless

So, so—we are at one again

For a physician we'll not trouble Aurungzeb
I have one at my hand, a skilful one,

Whose cure is certain.
 Look not so strange, my maid
 As a vessel
 Draining its waters gurgles at the last,
 So do I seem to hear the bubbling ebb
 Of my heart's drops
 The magnificent Shah Jahan,
 The Ganges of whose glory spread so wide,
 Shrinks to a trickle Aurungzeb——

[Enter OFFICER]

OFFICER The emperor

[Enter AURUNGEZEB The OFFICER retires]

AURUNGEZEB Aurungzeb

To his august and honourable sire
 Brings his respect and duty

JAHAN Does he indeed

(To JAHANARA) My child,
 If you'd observe humility with a tunic
 Of principalities and kingdoms on his brow,
 Look at your brother

AURUNGEZEB The old man wanders, Jahanara
 How long has he been thus ?

JAHAN He asks how long—he asks

Tell him, ten years,
 Ten years of prison, loneliness, and grief,
 Wherein each cankering moment feels some little
 Fragment of soul rot off, till there is left
 The broken thing to which
 He tenders his respect Respect !
 May hell confound you, boy
 Oh, oh I choke

JAHANARA Quick, quick, my brother, a physician quick,
 Or while we watch he passes

AURUNGEZEB Physician shall be sent him instantly

JAHAN I will not have physician

Stay the supreme mockery of all,

And let me finish muddly I have yet
Something to speak

AURUNGZEB Even in this I shall obey you, sir

JAHAN And in what else obey?

AURUNGZEB In aught

'That it becomes you ask, and me to grant

JAHAN 'Tis a discreet obedience, and I'll not

'Too much o'ertax it

Grant then that in that hour

When son or kindred, or if you

Have with a better wisdom than I showed,

Out them off timely, some as treacherous friend

Hurls you from splendour, blasts your state and function,

And holding death off as too sweet an end,

Condemns to caged madness, you will not

Forget Jahan In that most certain hour

I would be in your thoughts Will you do that?

AURUNGZEB You shall be in my thought, as you have been,

And something of your wisdom have I already

Essayed Dara and Murad—

I spared your tenderness in keeping from you

Th' anticipation of your own good counsel—

Cannot be danger more

JAHAN Did I not know't, though to my prison ears

All news is barred—but that they must be dead

Is implicate in this—that you are king

And Shuja too?

AURUNGZEB He wanders, where I know not

So that you see, my father, I am safe,

As far as being brotherless can make me

JAHAN Admirable Aurungzeb

By that how much thou hast out crimsoned me,

Thou hast out-kinged me too

I hated blood It sickened me,

That monarchs may not monarchise who stint

The gory measure

AURUNGZEE Have you no commands
Further to lay upon me ?

JAHAN My commands
Must not be proud as your humility,
But crook the knee and beg
Give me your leave to die

AURUNGZEE To every man
Cometh his hour
May yours,
If it be God's will, still be far off

JAHAN Most politic and most pious
Thus God then it appears has human instruments,
Who on the gong of murder strike his doom,
And so do sound his will
That, since you've graciously forborne his office
In my particular, is not in your scope
A place to die in, is Grant me but that,
And I'll wipe off some spots from the black scroll
Whereon your deeds are writ

AURUNGZEE My deeds let be Your own
Claim all your scrutiny Let it rest there,
For I must leave you

JAHAN A word A word This is the last
Of Shah Jahan To-morrow
He'll trouble you no further
Let me go off, even where I lived,
I' the presence of my wife My tomb the Taj

AURUNGZEE You shall be buried there

JAHAN I pray you let me die there
Sliding into the dark in the dim glory
Where all I ever loved, or who loved me—
Save Jahanara—dwells in the pomp
And circumstance of death
Let me not pass hence like a caged beast,
But like a king who was, and when he was,
Loaded the earth with splendour

SCENE 2

AGRA *The interior of the Taj Mahal A single torch illumines the darkness, permitting little to be seen beyond the white gleam of the cenotaph*

JAHAN, *afterwards the GHOST OF MUMTAZ*

JAHAN Thou flickering flame,
 Thou hastenest to the dark May I
 Precede you there The day
 Is long behind me, and a slow setting
 Ends where my light began, the dawn and noon
 Of all that made me royal,
 Casketed richly in this wonder-house
 Wherein my grief's immortal
 Here have I writ my story
 Jahan, who loved and lost
 All else
 Is but a beggar's tale—thus is a King's
 His state, his triumphs, subjects, empery
 Rayed to one centre, took their colour
 From that one flawless glass,
 The heart of Mumtaz
 Mumtaz Mumtaz Is there no spell,
 No magic in that name,
 To stir the utter silence of this place,
 Which now appals me
 Nothing Nothing Tombs do but mock us,
 And horribly perpetuate the cheats
 That happiness with grinning craft prepares
 To damn us at its leaving
 You fretted roof,
 Fall on me, crush me Let my handiwork
 Be dust with me Mumtaz was murdered
 Why do you then hold off?

[*The GHOST OF MUMTAZ appears*]

Some madness clouds my brain,
Or is't the mausoleum's delicate tricery
That my sick fancy, ere it faunts away,
Shapes to the semblance and the guise of her
Would I might die now, while it looks at me
With such a fixed tenderness If this
Is self created, 'tis a mockery
That betters substance
I dare not speak to it,
Lest, being an apparition born of silence,
A sound should banish it So like——

GHOST Jahan

JAHAN Is it of me, or of itself,
A visitant from some dim realm of afterwards,
Or only
Disguised death, to mark
My hour is done

GHOST Jahan

JAHAN The wreck and waste of him,
Now passing
Into his long oblivion
If you be his love,
And not an exhalation from the embers
Of his expiring spirit, speak again
That name of misery

GHOST Jahan

JAHAN Mumtaz I will no longer doubt
It is my love—the love of Shah Jahan,
Walking the earth, and yet not of it
Whence are you, that you steal
Into my sight, that awe and wonder
Confound my natural man?

GHOST Perchance

I am thyself, Jahan, who in this hour
Of dissolution,

Does on the mortal script which is thy body,
Write his most brief comment

JAHAN I'll not believe it

But whatso'er thou art, spirit or thought,
Thou comest in so exquisite a semblance,
Thou canst not speak me wrong
Thou art silent

Hear then Jahan

Sum up his history

Jahan, who was the slave

Of two contending passions,

His love of beauty, and his love of thee

They were his inspiration, and his fall

His fall, Mumtaz, and yet

While he has breathing, they have breathing too,

But falter not with his Oh, speak again,

Nor look at me so strangely

GHOST Shah Jahan, O Shah Jahan,

Thou lovedst thyself, and thy magnificence

These other loves were but as garments

To clothe thy splendours, mightily setting off

Their poorer betters

Thy love of beauty was a lust,

Wherein compassion, sacrifice and pity,

Found in't no glass to show them

Thy love for me, though in the innermost

True to itself, was in the shell and gloss of it

A trick and glitter on thy majesty,

Debasing its own heraldry in thine

From this thy web of juggle and delusion

Shake thyself free and let thyself

See thyself as thou art, ere seer and seen

Alike dishonour Thou hast

No more to do,

Nor this that shipp'd out of shadows,

Returns to them again

JAHAN Stay, thou dread apparition
 Thou strip'st me to the quick,
 Baring my naked soul to the raw sight,
 That filmless, damns its former flattery
 Art thou indeed Mumtaz? Thy words
 Speak'st thou in love or hate?

GHOST Jahan

JAHAN In love then If thou lov'st
 Thou lov'st The Taj
 Clips not the all of thee
 Say that thou lov'st,
 And that in some bright elsewhere
 I shall not miss thee

GHOST Jahan

[The phantom vanishes]

JAHAN It's gone
 Gone on that word "Jahan"
 Let me—O powers
 Whate'er ye are, that wait
 On mortal passing—let the pendulum
 Of my spent spirit stop,
 Now even now, as I
 Utter that name, wherein what's best
 Of this poor shred and remnant of a man
 Inheres and turns—
 Mumtaz

[The torch goes out]

END OF THE PLAY

LIBRARIES AND LIVING:

Essays and Addresses of a Public Librarian

By

L. STANLEY JAST, M.A.

Formerly Chief Librarian of Manchester

Past President of the Library Association

DEMY 8VO. CLOTH. 288 PAGES. PORTRAIT

10s. 6d. net

Whether short or more elaborate, or in the serious or the playful vein, they make good reading for all classes of book readers — *Scotsman*

An ideal volume for the cultured reader — *Daily Dispatch*

The appeal of the book extends beyond the circle of the author's fellow librarians to those who love to hear a man speak his mind forcefully and fearlessly, and with a touch of humour that is unusual in books of this type — *Glasgow Herald*

His sense of humour is keen his mind intensely active, his personality lovable We treasure a copy of his writings — *Bulletin of Bibliography*

GRAFTON & CO.

Coptic House, 51 Great Russell Street, London, W.C. 1

in the Navy, all running headlong to the sack, and, secondly, because I was unfit for ought but ease at that time

At the break of day following, I sent to the General to have order to follow the fleet of ships bound for the Indies, which were said to be worth twelve millions, and lay in Puerto Real road, where they could not escape. But, the town new taken, and the confusion great, it was almost impossible for them to order many things at once so as I could not receive any answer to my desire

The afternoon of the same day, those which were merchants of Cales and Sevil offered the Generals two millions to spare the fleet, whereupon there was nothing done for the present. But the morning following, being the twenty-third of June, the Duke of Medina caused all that fleet of merchants to be set on fire, because he was resolved that they must needs have fallen into our hands, so as now both gallions, frigots, argosies, and all other ships of war, together with the fleet of Nueva Espagna, were all committed into ashes, only the *St Matthew* and the *St Andrew* were in our possession. Much of the ordnance of the *St Philip* hath been saved by the Flemmings, who have had great spoil. There is unbarked good store of ordnance out of the town, and the two Apostles aforesaid are well furnished, which (God willing) we purpose to bring to England

The town of Cales was very rich in merchandise, in plate, and money, many rich prisoners given to the land commanders, so as that sort are very rich. Some had prisoners for sixteen thousand ducats, some for twenty thousand, some for ten thousand,

and, besides, great houses of merchandise. What the Generals have gotten, I know least; they protest it is little. For my own part, I have gotten a lame leg, and a deformed. For the rest, either I spake too late, or it was otherwise resolved. I have not wanted good words, and exceeding kind and regardful usance. But I have possession of naught but poverty and pain. If God had spared me that blow, I had possesst myself of some House.

in the Navy, all running headlong to the sack, and, secondly, because I was unfit for ought but ease at that time

At the break of day following, I sent to the General to have order to follow the fleet of ships bound for the Indies, which were said to be worth twelve millions, and lay in Puerto Real road, where they could not escape. But, the town new taken, and the confusion great, it was almost impossible for them to order many things at once, so as I could not receive any answer to my desire

The afternoon of the same day, those which were merchants of Cales and Sevil offered the Generals two millions to spare the fleet, whereupon there was nothing done for the present. But the morning following being the twenty third of June, the Duke of Medina caused all that fleet of merchants to be set on fire, because he was resolved that they must needs have fallen into our hands, so as now both gallions, frigates, argosies, and all other ships of war, together with the fleet of Nueva Espagna, were all committed into ashes, only the *St Matthew* and the *St Andrew* were in our possession. Much of the ordnance of the *St Philip* hath been saved by the Flemings, who have had great spoil. There is embarked good store of ordnance out of the town, and the two Apostles aforesaid are well furnished, which (God willing) we purpose to bring to England

The town of Cales was very rich in merchandise, in plate, and money many rich prisoners given to the land commanders so as that sort are very rich. Some had prisoners for sixteen thousand ducents, some for twenty thousand some for ten thousand,

mallice that desire my slaughter and that they will not alsoe seeke to kill you and yours with extreame poverty To what frind to direct thee I knowe not, for all mine have left mee in the true tyme of triall, and I plainly perceiue that my death was determyned from the first day Most sorry I am (as God knoweth) that, being thus surprised with death, I can leave you noe better estate I meant you all myne office of wyne, or that I could purchase by selling it, half my stuffe, and jewells, but some few, for my boy But God hath prevented all my determinations, the great God that worketh all in all If you can live free from want, care for no more, for the rest is but vanity Love God, and beginne betymes to repose yourself on Him, therein shall you find true and lastinge riches, and endless comfort For the rest, when you have travelled and weaned your thoughts on all sorts of worldly cogitations, you shall sit downe by Sorrow in the end Teach your sonne alsoe to serve and feare God, while he is young, that the feare of God may grow upp in him Then will God be a husband unto you, and a father unto him, a husband and a father which can never be taken from you

Bayly oweth me two hundred pounds, and Adrion six hundred pounds In Gersey, alsoe, I have much owinge me The arrearages of the wyne will pay my debts And, howsoever, for my scol's healthe, I beseech you pay all poore men When I am gone, no doubt you shalbe sought unto by many, for the world thinks that I am very rich but take heed of the pretences of men and of their affections for they laste but in honest and worthy men And no greater

LETTER TO LADY RALEGH

[From a contemporaneous transcript *Domestic Correspondence* James I vol xvi § 1 (Rolls House) Written from Winchester December, 1603 on the eve of his expected execution]

You shall receive, deare wief, my last words in these my last lynes My love I send you, that you may keepe it when I am dead, and my counsell, that you may remember it when I am noe more I would not, with my last Will, present you with sorrowes, deare Besse Lett them goe to the grave with me, and be buried in the dust And, seeing it is not the will of God that ever I shall see you in this lief, beare my destruccion genthe and with a hart like yourself

First, I send you all the thanks my hart cann conceive, or my penn expresse, for your many troubles and cares taken for me, which — though they have not taken effect as you wished — yet my debt is to you never the lesse but pay it I never shall in this worle

Secondlie, I beseech you, for the love you bare me living, that you doe not hide yourself many dayes, but by your travell seeke to helpe your miserable fortunes, and the right of your poore childe Your mourning cannot avayle me that am but dust

You shall understand that my lands were conveyed to my child, *bona fide* The waightings were drawn at Midsummer was twelvemonethes, as divers can wittnesse My honest coven Briett can testifie so much, and Dalberie, too, cann remember somewhat therein And I trust my bloud will quench their

Written with the dyeing hand of sometyme thy
husband, but now (alasse!) overthrowne

Your's that was; but nowe not my owne,

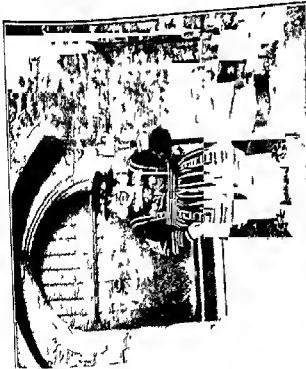
W. RALEGH.

misery can befall you in this life than to become a pray, and after to be despised I speak it (God knowes) not to dissuad you from marriage,—for that wilbe best for you—both in respect of God and the world As for me, I am no more your's, nor you myne Death hath cutt us asunder and God hath devided me from the world, and you from me

Remember your poore childe for his father's sake, that comforted you and loved you in his happiest tymes Gett those letters (if it bee possible) which I writt to the Lords, wherem I sued for my lief, but God knoweth that itt was for you and yours that I desired it, but itt is true that I disdaine myself for begging itt And know itt (deare wief) that you sonne is the childe of a true man, and who, in his own respect, despiseth Death, and all his misshapen and oughe forms

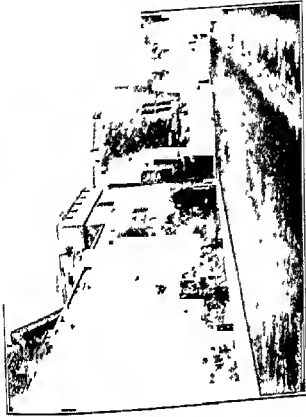
I cannot wright much God knows howe hardlie I stole this tyme, when all sleep, and it is tyme to separate my thoughts from the world Begg my dead body, which hving was denyed you and either lay itt att Sherborne if the land continue, or in Easter church by my father and mother I can wright noe more Tyme and Death call me awaye

The everlasting infinite powerfull, and inscrutable God, that Almighty God that is goodness itself mercy itself, the true lief and light, keepe you and yours, and have mercy on me, and teach me to for geve my persecutors and false accusers and send us to meete in His glorious Kingdome My true wief, farewell Blesse my poore boye pray for me My true God hold you both in His armes



Entrance of the Bloody Tower and steps leading to
Richard's Walk.

He used to walk on the pavement and



The Bloody Tower (in the center) Richard's prison was
in the upper story
and in a garden behind the high wall

FROM "THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD"

[Written in the Tower, 160-11 Published 1614 The following text is that of the Oxford edition of *The Works of Sir Walter Raleigh*, 1879]

IN PRAISE OF HISTORY

To me it belongs in the first part of this preface, following the common and approved custom of those who have left the memories of time past to after ages, to give, as near as I can, the same right to history which they have done Yet seeing therein I should but borrow other men's words, I will not trouble the reader with the repetition True it is, that among many other benefits, for which it hath been honoured, in this one it triumpheth over all human knowledge, that it hath given us life in our understanding, since the world itself had life and beginning, even to this day yea it hath triumphed over time, which, besides it, nothing but eternity hath triumphed over for it hath carried our knowledge over the vast and devouring space of so many thousands of yeais, and given so fair and piercing eyes to our mind, that we plainly behold living now, as if we had lived then, that great world, *magni Dei sapiens opus*, "the wise work." saith Hermes, "of a great God," as it was then, when but new to itself By it, I say, it is, that we live in the very time when it was created, we behold how it was governed how it was covered with waters, and again repeopled, how kings and kingdoms have flourished and fallen, and for what virtue and piety God made prosperous, and for what vice and deformity he made wretched, both the one

and the other And it is not the least debt which we owe unto history, that it hath made us acquainted with our dead ancestors, and, out of the depth and darkness of the earth, delivered us their memory and fame In a word, we may gather out of history a policy no less wise than eternal, by the comparison and application of other men's fore passed miseries with our own like errors and ill deservings [The Preface]

HENRY THE EIGHTH

Now for King Henry the Eighth If all the pictures and patterns of a merciless prince were lost in the world, they might all again be painted to the life out of the story of this king For how many servants did he advance in haste (but for what virtue no man could suspect), and with the change of his fancy ruined again, no man knowing for what of fence! To how many others of more desert gave he abundant flowers from whence to gather honey, and in the end of harvest burnt them in the hive! How many wives did he cut off and cast off, as his fancy and affection changed! How many princes of the blood (whereof some of them for age could hardly crawl towards the block), with a world of others of all degrees (of whom our common chronicles have kept the account) did he execute! Yea, in his very death bed, and when he was at the point to have given his account to God for the abundance of blood already spilt, he imprisoned the duke of Norfolk the father, and executed the earl of Surrey the son the one, whose deservings he knew not how to value having never omitted anything that concerned his

merciful provision for all that live, his manifold goodness, and lastly, in creating and making existent the world universal, by the absolute act of his own word, his power and almightiness, which power, light, virtue, wisdom, and goodness, being all but attributes of one single essence, and one God, we in all admire, and in part discern *per speculum creaturarum*, that is, in the disposition, order, and variety of celestial and terrestrial bodies terrestrial, in their strange and manifold diversities, celestial, in their beauty and magnitude, which, in their continual and contrary motions, are neither repugnant, intermixed, nor confounded By these potent effects we approach to the knowledge of the omnipotent Cause, and by these motions, their almighty Mover [Chapter I]

THE LAST PAGES

For the rest, if we seek a reason of the succession and continuance of this boundless ambition in mortal men, we may add to that which hath been already said, that the kings and princes of the world have always laid before them the actions, but not the ends, of those great ones which preceded them They are always transported with the glory of the one, but they never mind the misery of the other, till they find the experience in themselves They neglect the advice of God, while they enjoy life, or hope it, but they follow the counsel of Death upon his first approach It is he that puts into man all the wisdom of the world, without speaking a word, which God, with all the words of his law, promises, or threats, doth not infuse Death, which hateth and destroy

own honour and the king's service, the other, never having committed anything worthy of his least displeasure the one exceeding valiant and advised, the other no less valiant than learned, and of excellent hope But besides the sorrows which he heaped upon the fatherless and widows at home, and besides the vain enterprises abroad, wherein it is thought that he consumed more treasure than all our victorious kings did in their several conquests, what causeless and cruel wars did he make upon his own nephew king James the Fifth! What laws and wills did he devise, to establish this kingdom in his own issues! using his sharpest weapons to cut off and cut down those branches, which sprang from the same root that himself did And in the end (notwithstanding these his so many unreligious provisions) it pleased God to take away all his own, without increase though, for themselves in their several lands, all princes of eminent virtue [*The Preface*]

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD

God, whom the wisest men acknowledge to be a power uneffable, and virtue infinite, a light by abundant clarity invisible, an understanding which itself can only comprehend, an essence eternal and spiritual, of absolute pureness and simplicity. was and is pleased to make himself known by the work of the world in the wonderful magnitude whereof (all which he embraceth, filleth, and sustaineth), we behold the image of that glory which cannot be measured. and withal, that one, and yet universal nature which can not be defined In the glorious lights of heaven we perceive a shadow of his divine countenance, in his

LETTER TO THE KING

[From an official copy *Domestic Correspondence* James I, vol. xcix No 69, I (Rolls House) Written from the Tower, September 24, 1618 concerning the disastrous expedition to Guiana In spite of this letter, Raleigh was executed October 29]

MAIE IT PLEASE YOUR MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTIE,

IF in my jorney outward bound I had of my men murdered at the Ilands, and spared to tak revenge, if I did discharge some Spanish barkes taken, without spoile, if I forbare all partes of the Spanish Indies, wherein I might have taken twentye of their townes on the sea coast, and did only follow the enterprise which I undertooke for Guiana,—where, without any direction from me, a Spanish village was burnt, which was newly sett up within three miles of the mine,—by your Majesties favour I finde noe reason whie the Spanish Embassadors should complaine of me If it were lawful for the Spanish to murder 26 English men, tyenge them back to backe, and then to cutt their throates, when they had traded with them a whole moneth, and came to them on the land without so much as one sword amongst they all — and that it may not be lawfull for your Majesties subjects, beinge forced by them. to repell force by force, we may justly say, “O miserable English!”

If Parker and Mutton took Campeach and other places in the Honduraes, seated in the hart of the Spanish Indies burnt townes, killed the Spaniards, and had nothing saved to them at their returne — and that my selfe forbore to look into the Indies, be

eth man, is believed God, which hath made him and loves him, is always deferred, *I have considered*, saith Solomon, *all the works that are under the sun and, behold all is vanity and vexation of spirit*, but who believes it, till Death tells it us? It was Death, which opening the conscience of Charles the Fifth, made him enjoin his son Philip to restore Navarre, and king Francis the First of France, to command that justice should be done upon the murderers of the protestants in Merindol and Cabrieres, which till then he neglected It is therefore Death alone that can suddenly make man to know himself He tells the proud and insolent, that they are but abjects, and humbles them at the instant, makes them cry, complain, and repent, yea, even to hate their forepast happiness He takes the account of the rich, and proves him a beggar, a naked beggar, which hath interest in nothing but in the gravel that fills his mouth He holds a glass before the eyes of the most beautiful, and makes them see therein their deformity and rottenness, and they acknowledge it

O eloquent, just, and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded, what none hath dared, thou hast done, and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised, thou hast drawn together all the far stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet!*

ence, have specially hastened my coming hither, therefore I desire to clear them to your lordships, and resolve you in the truth thereof. The first is, that his Majesty hath been informed, I have had some plot or confederacy with France, for which he had some reasons, though grounded upon a weak foundation. One was, that when I returned to Plymouth, I endeavoured to go to Rochel, which was because I would fain have made my peace before I returned to England. Another reason was, that again I would have bent my course to France, upon my last intended escape from London, being the place where I might have the best means of making such peace, and the best safeguard during that terror from above. These, joined with the coming of the French agent to my house here in London, only to confer about my said voyage, together with the report of my having a commission from the king of France, might occasion my being so suspected in this particular, and his Majesty to be so displeased with me. But this I say, for a man to call God to witness at any time to a falsehood, is a grievous sin. To call him as witness to a falsehood at the point of death, when there is no time for repentance, is a crime far more impious and desperate. Therefore, for me to call that Majesty to witness an untruth, before whose tribunal I am instantly to appear, were beyond measure sinful, and without hope of pardon. I do yet call that great God to witness, that, as I hope to see him, to be saved by him, and live in the world to come, I never had any plot or intelligence with the French king. never had any commission from him, nor saw his hand or seal that I never had any practice or combination with

the French agent, nor ever knew or saw such a person, till I met him in my gallery unlooked for. If I speak not true, O Lord, let me never enter into thy kingdom.

"The second suspicion or imputation was, that his Majesty had been informed I had spoken disloyally of him. The only witness of this was a base Frenchman, a runagate, a chymical fellow, whom I soon knew to be perfidious, for being drawn by him into the action of freeing myself at Winchester, in which I confess my hand was touched, he, being sworn to secrecy overnight, revealed it the next morning. It is strange, that so mean a fellow could so far encroach himself into the favour of the lords, and, gaping after some great reward, could so falsely accuse me of seditious speeches against his Majesty, and be so credited. But this I here speak, it is no time for me to flatter or to fear princes, I, who am subject only unto death: and for me, who have now to do with God alone, to tell a lie to get the favour of the king were in vain: and yet, if ever I spake disloyally or dishonestly of the king, either to this Frenchman or any other, ever intimated the least thought hurtful or prejudicial of him, the Lord blot me out of the book of life.

"I confess I did attempt to escape, and it was only to save my life. I likewise confess, that I feigned myself to be indisposed at Salisbury, but I hope it was no sin: for the prophet David did make himself a fool and suffer spittal to fall upon his beard to escape from the hands of his enemies: and it was not imputed unto him as a sin: what I did was only to prolong time till his Majesty came, in hopes of some commutation from him.

ceive, have specially hastened my coming hither, therefore I desire to clear them to your lordships, and resolve you in the truth thereof. The first is, that his Majesty hath been informed, I have had some plot or confederacy with France, for which he had some reasons, though grounded upon a weak foundation. One was, that when I returned to Plymouth, I endeavoured to go to Rochel, which was because I would fain have made my peace before I returned to England. Another reason was, that again I would have bent my course to France, upon my last intended escape from London, being the place where I might have the best means of making such peace, and the best safeguard during that terror from above. These, joined with the coming of the French agent to my house here in London, only to confer about my said voyage, together with the report of my having a commission from the king of France, might occasion my being so suspected in this particular, and his Majesty to be so displeased with me. But this I say, for a man to call God to witness at any time to a falsehood, is a grievous sin. To call him as witness to a falsehood at the point of death, when there is no time for repentance, is a crime far more impious and desperate, therefore, for me to call that Majesty to witness an untruth, before whose tribunal I am instantly to appear, were beyond measure sinful, and without hope of pardon. I do yet call that great God to witness, that, as I hope to see him, to be saved by him, and live in the world to come, I never had any plot or intelligence with the French king, never had any commission from him, nor saw his hand or seal, that I never had any practice or combination with

the French agent, nor ever knew or saw such a person, till I met him in my gallery unlooked for. If I speak not true, O Lord, let me never enter into thy kingdom.

“The second suspicion or imputation was, that his Majesty had been informed I had spoken disloyally of him. The only witness of this was a base French man, a runagate, a chymical fellow, whom I soon knew to be perfidious, for being drawn by him into the action of freeing myself at Winchester, in which I confess my hand was touched, he, being sworn to secrecy overnight, revealed it the next morning. It is strange, that so mean a fellow could so far encroach himself into the favour of the lords, and, gaping after some great reward, could so falsely accuse me of seditious speeches against his Majesty, and be so credited. But this I here speak, it is no time for me to flatter or to fear princes, I, who am subject only unto death, and for me, who have now to do with God alone, to tell a lie to get the favour of the king were in vain. And yet, if ever I spake disloyally or dishonestly of the king, either to this Frenchman or any other, ever intimated the least thought hurtful or prejudicial of him, the Lord blot me out of the book of life.

“I confess, I did attempt to escape, and it was only to save my life. I likewise confess, that I feigned myself to be indisposed at Salisbury, but I hope it was no sin, for the prophet David did make himself a fool, and suffer spittal to fall upon his beard to escape from the hands of his enemies, and it was not imputed unto him as a sin. What I did was only to prolong time, till his Majesty came, in hopes of some commiseration from him.

“ But I forgive that Frenchman, and likewise Sir Lewis Stucley the wrongs he hath done me, with all my heart for I received the sacrament this morning of Mr Dean, and I have forgiven all men, but, in charity to others, am bound to caution them against him, and such as he is For Sir Lewis Stucley, my keeper and kinsman, hath affirmed, that I should tell him, my lord Carew and my lord of Doncaster here, did advise me to escape, but I protest before God I never told him any such thing neither did these lords advise me to any such matter It is not likely that I should acquaint two privy counsellors of my escape, nor that I should tell him, my keeper, it was their advice, neither was there any reason to tell it him, or he to report it, for it is well known he left me six, eight, or ten days together alone, to go whither I listed, while he rode about the country He further accused me, that I should shew him a letter, whereby I did signify that I would give him ten thousand pounds to escape but God cast my soul into everlasting fire if ever I made such proffer of ten thousand pounds, or one thousand pounds but indeed I shewed him a letter, that if he would go with me, there should be order taken for the discharge of his debts when he was gone, neither had I one thousand pounds, for, if I had, I could have made my peace better with it otherwise than by giving it Stucley Further, he gave out, when I came to Sir Edward Parham’s house, who had been a follower of mine, and gave me good entertainment, I had there received some dram of poison When I answered, that I feared no such thing, for I was well assured of those in the house, and therefore wished him to have no such thought Now I will not

only say, that God is the God of revenge, but also of mercy, and I desire God to forgive him, as I hope to be forgiven." Then casting his eye upon his note of remembrance, he went on thus

"It was told the king, that I was brought perforce into England, and that I did not intend to return again whereas Captain Charles Parker, Mr Tresham, Mr Leak, and divers others, that knew how I was dealt withal by the common soldiers, will witness to the contrary. They were an hundred and fifty of them who mutinied against me, and sent for me to come to them, for unto me they would not come. They kept me close prisoner in my cabin, and forced me to take an oath, that I would not go into England without their consent, otherwise they would have cast me into the sea. After I had taken this oath, I did, by wine, gifts, and fair words, so work upon the master gunner, and ten or twelve of the faction, that I won them to desert from their purposes, and intended, when I returned home, to procure their pardon, in the mean while proposed, that I would dispose of some of them in Ireland. to which they agreed, and would have gone into the north parts, from which I dissuaded them, and told them, they were red-shanks who inhabited there, so drew them to the south, and the better to clear myself of them, was forced to get them a hundred and fifty pounds at Kingsale, otherwise I had never got from them.

"There was a report also, that I meant not to go to Guiana at all, and that I knew not of any mine, nor intended any such matter, but only to get my liberty, which I had not the wit to keep. But it was my full intent to go for gold, for the benefit of his Majesty,

myself, and those who went with me, with the rest of my countrymen though he that knew the head of the mine would not discover it when he saw my son was slain, but made himself away " Then turning to the earl of Arundel, he said, " My lord, you being in the gallery of my ship at my departure, I remember you took me by the hand, and said, you would request one thing of me which was, whether I made a good voyage or a bad, that I would return again into England which I then promised, and gave you my faith I would " " So you did," said his lordship " it is true, and they were the last words I said to you " " Another slander was raised of me, that I should have gone away from them, and have left them at Guiana, but there were a great many worthy men, who accompanied me always, as my sergeant major, and divers others (whom he named), that knew it was none of my intention Also it hath been said, that I stinted them of fresh water to which I answer every one was, as they must be in a ship, furnished by measure, and not according to their appetites This course all seamen know must be used among them, and to this strait were we driven Another opinion was held, that I carried with me sixteen thousand pieces of gold, and that all the voyage I intended, was but to gain my liberty and this money into my hands but, as I shall answer it before God, I had no more in all the world, directly or indirectly, than one hundred pounds whereof I gave about forty five pounds to my wife But the ground of this false report was, that twenty thousand pounds being adventured, and but four thousand appearing in the surveyor's books, the rest had my hand to the bills for divers adventures

but, as I hope to be saved, I had not a penny more than one hundred pounds. These are the material points I thought good to speak of, I am at this instant to render my account to God, and I protest, as I shall appear before him, this that I have spoken is true.

“ I will borrow but a little time more of Mr Sheriff, that I may not detain him too long, and herein I shall speak of the imputation laid upon me through the jealousy of the people, that I had been a persecutor of my lord of Essex, that I rejoiced in his death, and stood in a window over against him when he suffered, and puffed out tobacco in defiance of him, when as, God is my witness, that I shed tears for him when he died, and, as I hope to look God in the face hereafter, my lord of Essex did not see my face at the time of his death, for I was far off, in the armoury, where I saw him, but he saw not me. It is true, I was of a contrary faction, but I take the same God to witness, that I had no hand in his death, nor bear him any ill affection, but always believed it would be better for me that his life had been preserved. For after his fall, I got the hatred of those who wished me well before, and those who set me against him, set themselves afterwards against me, and were my greatest enemies. And my soul hath many times been grieved, that I was not nearer to him when he died, because, as I understood afterwards, he asked for me at his death, and desired to have been reconciled to me.

“ And now I entreat, that you all will join with me in prayer to that great God of heaven whom I have grievously offended, being a man full of all vanity, who has lived a sinful life in such callings as have been

most inducing to it for I have been a soldier, a sailor, and a courtier, which are courses of wickedness and vice that his almighty goodness will forgive me that he will cast away my sins from me, and that he will receive me into everlasting life so I take my leave of you all, making my peace with God ”

Then proclamation being made, that all men should depart the scaffold, he prepared himself for death, giving away his hat and cap and money to some attendants who stood near him When he took leave of the lords and other gentlemen, he entreated the lord Arundel to desire the king, that no scandalous writings to defame him might be published after his death concluding, “ I have a long journey to go, therefore must take my leave ” Then having put off his gown and doublet, he called to the headsman to shew him the axe, which not being suddenly done, he said, “ I prithe, let me see it Dost thou think that I am afraid of it? ” Having fingered the edge of it a little, he returned it, and said, smiling, to the sheriff, “ This is a sharp medicine, but it is a sound cure for all diseases ” and having entreated the company to pray to God to assist and strengthen him, the executioner kneeled down and asked him forgiveness which Raleigh laying his hand upon his shoulder, granted Then being asked which way he would lay himself on the block, he answered, “ So the heart be right, it is no matter which way the head lies ” As he stooped to lay himself along and reclined his head, his face being towards the east, the headsman spread his own cloak under him After a little pause, he gave the sign that he was ready for the stroke by lifting up his hand and his head was struck off at two blows, his

body never shrinking or moving His head was shewed on each side of the scaffold, and then put into a red leather bag, and, with his velvet nightgown thrown over it, was afterwards conveyed away in a mourning coach of his lady's His body, as we are told, was buried hard by, in the chancel of St Margaret's church, near the altar, but his head was long preserved in a case by his widow, for she survived him twenty nine years, as I have found by some anecdotes remaining in the family, and after her death it was kept also by her son Carew, with whom it is said to have been buried

[A large memorial window was placed in the west front of St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, by American citizens in 1882 The inscription was written by James Russell Lowell, then American Ambassador in England

The New World's sons from England's breasts we drew
Such milk as bids remember whence we came
Proud of her Past wherefrom our Present grew,
This window we inscribe with Raleigh's name]

EXTRACTS FROM THE TRIAL

[From *The Trial of Sir Walter Raleigh, Knight, for High Treason at Winton, the 17th of November, 1603* The Attorney General was Sir Edward Coke, whose virulent abuse of the accused and whose cynical disregard of evidence made this trial the most scandalous mockery of justice in English jurisprudence One of the judges said afterwards "That trial injured and degraded the justice of England" The charges against Raleigh were "That he did conspire, and go about to deprive the King of his government, to raise up sedition within the realm, to alter religion, to bring in the Roman superstition, and to procure foreign enemies to invade the kingdom To this indictment Raleigh pleaded "Not guilty"]

Raleigh To whom speak you this? You tell me news I never heard of

Attorney O sir, do I? I will prove you the notoriousst traitor that ever came to the bar After you have taken away the king, you would alter religion as you, Sir Walter Raleigh, have followed them of the bye in imitation, for I will charge you with the words

Raleigh Your words cannot condemn me, my innocency is my defence prove one of these things wherewith you have charged me, and I will confess the whole indictment, and that I am the horriblest traitor that ever lived, and worthy to be crucified with a thousand thousand torments

Attorney Nay, I will prove all thou art a monster, thou has an English face, but a Spanish heart Now you must have money Artemberg was no sooner in England (I charge thee, Raleigh), but thou incited Cobham to go unto him, and to deal with him

for money to bestow on discontented persons, to raise rebellion in the kingdom

Raleigh Let me answer for myself

Attorney Thou shalt not

Raleigh It concerneth my life

Lord Chief Justice Popham Sir Walter Raleigh, Mr Attorney is but yet in the general, but when the King's counsel have given the evidence wholly, you shall answer every particular

Attorney O' do I touch you?

Lord Cecil Mr Attorney, when you have done with this general charge, do you not mean to let him answer to every particular?

Attorney Yes, when we deliver the proofs to be read Raleigh procured Cobham to go to Aremberg, which he did by his instigation Raleigh supped with Cobham before he went to Aremberg, after supper, Raleigh conducted him to Durham house, from whence Cobham went with Lawrence, a servant of Aremberg's, unto him, and went in by a back way Cobham could never be quiet until he had entertained this motion, for he had four letters from Raleigh Aremberg answered, the money should be performed, but knew not to whom it should be distributed Then Cobham and Lawrence came back to Durham house, where they found Raleigh Cobham and Raleigh went up, and left Lawrence below, where they had secret conference in a gallery, and after, Cobham and Lawrence departed from Raleigh Your jargon was peace! What is that? Spanish invasion, Scottish subversion And again, you are not a fit man to take so much money for procuring of a lawful peace, for peace procured by money is dishonourable Then

Cobham must go to Spain, and return by Jersey, where you were captain and then, because Cobham had not so much policy, or at least wickedness, as you, he must have your advice for the distribution of the money. Would you have deposed so good a king, lineally descended of Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Edward IV? Why then must you set up another? I think you meant to make Arabella a titular queen, of whose title I will speak nothing, but sure you meant to make her a stale. ah, good lady! you could mean her no good.

Raleigh You tell me news, Mr Attorney

Raleigh I will wash my hands of the indictment, and die a true man to the king

Attorney You are the absoluteest traitor that ever was

Raleigh Your phrases will not prove it, Mr Attorney

Attorney Cobham writeth a letter to my lord Cecil, and doth will Melbs, his man, to lay it in a Spanish Bible, and to make as though he found it by chance. This was after he had intelligence with this viper: then he was false.

Lord Cecil You mean a letter intended to me, I never had it.

Attorney No, my lord, you had it not. You, my masters of the jury, respect not the wickedness and hatred of the man, respect his cause: if he be guilty, I know you will have care of it, for the preservation of the king, the continuance of the gospel authorised, and the good of us all.

Raleigh I do not hear yet, that you have spoken

one word against me, here is no treason of mine done
If my lord Cobham be a traitor, what is that to me?

Attorney All that he did was by thy instigation,
thou viper, for I *thou* thee, thou traitor

Raleigh It becometh not a man of quality and
virtue to call me so, but I take comfort in it, it is all
you can do

Attorney Have I angered you?

Raleigh I am in no case to be angry

C. J. Popham Sir Walter Raleigh, Mr Attorney,
speaketh out of the zeal of his duty, for the service of
the king, and you for your life, be valiant on both
sides

.

Attorney Now let us come to those words of *de-*
stroying the king and his cubs.

Raleigh O barbarous! if they, like unnatural vil-
lains, should use those words, shall I be charged with
them? I will not hear it, I was never false to the
crown of England I have spent 40,000 crowns of
mine own, against the Spanish faction, for the good
of my country Do you bring the words of these
hellish spiders, Clark, Watson, and others, against
me?

Attorney Thou hast a Spanish heart, and thy-
self art a spider of hell, for thou confessest the king
to be a most sweet and gracious prince, and yet hast
conspired against him

.

Attorney Thou art the most vile and execrable
traitor that ever lived

Raleigh You speak indiscreetly, barbarously, and
uncivily

Attorney I want words sufficient to express thy viperous treasons

Raleigh I think you want words indeed, for you have spoken one thing half a dozen times

Attorney Thou art an odious fellow, thy name is hateful to all the realm of England for thy pride

Raleigh It will go near to prove a measuring cast between you and me, Mr Attorney

Attorney Well, I will now make it appear to the world that there never lived a viler viper upon the face of the earth than thou

When the jury returned their verdict, guilty, the clerk asked "What canst thou say for thyself, why judgment and execution of death should not pass against thee?"

Raleigh My lords, the jury have found me guilty. They must do as they are directed. I can say nothing why judgment should not proceed. You see whereof Cobham hath accused me, you remember his protestations, that I was never guilty. I desire the king should know of the wrongs done unto me since I came hither.

Lord Chief Justice You have had no wrong, Sir Walter.

Raleigh Yes, of Mr Attorney. I desire, my lords, to remember three things to the king. 1. I was accused to be practiser for Spain. I never knew my lord Cobham meant to go thither. I will ask no mercy at the king's hands, if he will affirm it. 2. I never knew of the practice with Arabella. 3. I never knew

of my lord Cobham's practice with Aremberg, nor of the surprising treason.

[Then the Lord Chief Justice after a long and insulting address, pronounced sentence of death.]

THE END

THE following pages contain advertisements of a few of the Macmillan books on kindred subjects.

A Book of English Literature

SELECTED AND EDITED

By F B SNYDER, PH.D.

Associate Professor of English and

R G MARTIN, PH.D.

Assistant Professor of English in Northwestern University

Cloth, 8vo, \$2.25

A new volume of selected readings in prose and poetry for use in introductory college survey or history of literature courses. In general the selections may be said to represent English poetry exclusive of the drama, from Chaucer to Meredith and English prose exclusive of the novel and the short story from Malory to Stevenson.

The omission of illustrations of the drama (with the single exception of one early mystery play) and of the novel and the short story is one of the distinctive features of this volume. Another feature is the inclusion of a greater amount of material from the more important writers than is to be found in similar volumes without sacrificing an adequate representation of the minor authors some knowledge of whose works is essential to a thorough understanding of the development of English literature. The instructor is thus enabled either to select according to his preference from a wide range of material or to plan an extensive reading course. Special attention has also been paid to the notes on the text and the biographical and bibliographical introductions (placed at the end of the volume). The editors have sought not to increase the amount of the notes but to make them of more actual service to the student. The biographical and bibliographical introductions although tersely written convey much information and offer considerable guidance to the student in short space. They are accurate in detail and yet without of a certain literary value seldom to be found in work of this sort.

Not only in its contents but also in all details of its manufacture will this book be found superior. The type is larger than that used in similar volumes and in fact is as large as that generally used in college textbooks of ordinary size. On the other hand the bulk and the price will not exceed that of other similar volumes.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Publishers

64-66 Fifth Avenue

New York

Select Prose of Robert Southey

This volume of selections from Southey's prose works provides a convenient means for the study of Southey in college courses in English Literature from which he has hitherto been excluded by the want of adequate facilities for presentation. Readableness has been the first consideration in the choice of passage and after readableness variety and representative quality. The emphasis falls decidedly on material which belongs to the domain of the personal essay but history and biography are also represented in stories and episodes constituting independent units.

The editor has provided a full introduction presenting a systematic account of the external history of Southey's prose writing. He treats his work under the following heads: Political and Economic Ideas; Review and Criticism; Spanish Literature; History; Biography; Miscellaneous Prose; Style and Reputation. Hence interest in this volume of selections will not be limited to students but will extend to all lovers of literature.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Publishers

64-66 Fifth Avenue

New York

Representative Biographies of English Men of Letters

CHOSEN AND EDITED

By CHARLES TOWNSEND COPELAND

Lecturer on English Literature in Harvard University and

FRANK WILSON CHENEY HERSEY

Instructor in English in Harvard University

642 pp., 12mo, \$1.25

In this book are illustrated the varieties of biographical writing. There are included first, extracts from notable autobiographies, among which are those of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Colley Cibber, Gibbon, and Ruskin, second, examples of the method and style of such famous biographers as Isaac Walton, Dr. Johnson, Boswell, Lockhart, Southey, Macaulay, and Carlyle, and third, many complete lives from the "Dictionary of National Biography" which represent the work of the most accomplished of modern literary historians. To teachers such a collection will suggest ways of enlivening and humanizing the study of literature for their pupils. For it shows the intimate relationship of the author to his written product—as a part of his life and thought, and not as a thing apart and isolated, the unconscious self-revelation of actuating motives and purposes, hopes and ambitions—all reveal literature as part and product of life, pulsing with vitality and fire as it is shaped and moulded by the hands of the great masters. In a general survey course such a collection should be of first importance, since it serves to remove the barrier which separates student and writers, for the former is able to see, for the first time, that the latter also are men of like passions.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Publishers

64-66 Fifth Avenue

New York

A Life of William Shakespeare

By SIDNEY LEE

A New Edition, Revised and Greatly Enlarged

With portraits and facsimiles, 758 pages, cloth 12mo, \$2 00

Sir Sidney Lee's life of Shakespeare is now reissued in a revised and greatly enlarged edition. It was originally published seventeen years ago, at a time when literary knowledge still lacked an exhaustive and well-arranged statement of the facts of Shakespeare's career, achievement, and reputation, in small compass, and with verifiable references. In this new edition the text has been drastically revised and reset throughout. It presents all that is authoritatively known about the life and work of Shakespeare, compiled from every available source, and supplemented by the results of the most recent discoveries. "Sir Sidney Lee's book," writes an editor in the *New York Times*, 'is distinguished by a freedom from undue bias, fanciful theory, and exaggerated statement that has contributed in no small degree to making it a standard work of reference."

There are chapters on the growth of Shakespeare's reputation in England and abroad, literary London, editions and editors and appendix on the sources of the plots.

"As a work of reference concerning Shakespeariana, this book has no rival. . . . but it would be fascinating reading even if one took no particular interest in Shakespeare." — *The Dial*

"Certainly no student and writer more consummate, more skilled, with a sounder ideal or more closely adequate critical equipment, will be found to deal with this difficult subject of world wide interest."

'It is a matter for felicitation that he has been enabled in this enlarged edition to make the book so vivid and convincing' — *New York Times*

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Publishers

64-66 Fifth Avenue

New York